

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 445,000 Copies Sold Every Week

March 15, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3d



GERALDINE

Knitting instructions inside

In this issue: Special enlarged section of CHILDREN'S KNITWEAR

FURIOUS YOUNG MAN

By ... VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

THE party, Susan told herself, had far too much of everything. Too many cocktails, too many people, far too many complications.

It didn't help her mood, of course, that she was dancing this one with Freddie Lane. Dancing with Freddie was like driving a car at night down an unexplored road, with the brakes gone and no headlights. Each step was both a menace and a mystery!

So far, Susan had escaped any major injury, but the vigilance she had to practise was a strain on her. So was the fact that Freddie's erratic progress seemed to keep her in the wake of a young man with red hair and a scowl.

Susan could not, honestly, blame Freddie entirely for this. He was, she knew, too engrossed in his own footwork to know definitely where he was going. But it was hard on her. It involved her in the necessity of looking through and beyond the red-haired young man—with a chin jutting like a rock—as if he didn't exist.

Fortunately, before she'd been reduced to a complete wreck, the music stopped. Wiping a damp forehead, Freddie beamed at her.

"Pretty good, Susan! Didn't know I was so good, myself. We'll have to have another, later. Look—want me to find Paul for you, now?"

Susan, who wanted nothing save to take her shoes off, clutched at a pillar for support.

"Must you?" she muttered coldly. Freddie's eyes, she told herself, were like a spaniel's.

"But, I say. I thought—that is, you and Paul—"

In front of Susan's vision passed a Giltier in Silver Lame. With a too obvious, "Really, this is practically a brawl, darling," Silver Lame laid a possessive hand upon the sleeve of the red-haired young man, thus marking him for her own, and down Susan's spine slid a cold fury. She turned to Freddie with a gaiety that left him blinking.

"But, of course"—lifting her voice—"find Paul for me. This is such devastating music—and a simply superlative party! I couldn't bear to miss the next with him."

Beyond her, Red Hair stood with a ramrod down his back. On the first bar of music he took Silver Lame in his arms. Silver Lame—whom most people knew as Gwen Lancing—glanced lightly at the spot where Susan stood. Then she turned her head so that a strand of her spectacularly bright hair brushed her partner's cheek.

Susan saw—and knew what was meant by the Primitive Urge.

"What this town needs is something to clear the atmosphere," she muttered.

Freddie hadn't the mentality to follow that. But he could see that something was upsetting Susan.

"Look here, Susan," he put in anxiously, "if you're angry just because Paul had those last two dances with Claudia—"

Susan discovered that Freddie was still there. She also decided that Claudia, whoever she was, had undoubtedly been born just so that Susan could make her own escape now.

Cold fury seized Susan as the girl in silver lame took possession of the red-haired young man.

"I am angry," she told the astonished Freddie. "If you see Paul, tell him I've gone to the bar to drown my shattered dreams!"

She didn't, however, go towards the bar. Instead, she marched out through the nearest door to the terrace beyond. In the shadowed darkness, her silver heels made martial music down the wide steps leading to the gardens.

That, she thought, sitting on the bottom step and consoling a slim ankle that had been through too much, was another thing about parties. People you didn't expect to see turned up at them and rounded off a hectic evening. Not, of course, that Red Hair disturbed Susan. She was going to marry Paul.

Someone came out on to the verandah above her, and Susan slid off the bottom step and ducked behind a laurel bush. Nothing short of wild horses was going to get her back into those overcrowded rooms again!

Round the curved drive were parked two long rows of cars. Susan peered into two or three, speculatively. None of them seemed to be exactly what she wanted. Then she came to the black saloon.

The black saloon had by far the most comfortable-looking back seat of them all. Also, it was untenanted—a point in its favor.

For a time Susan sat there, thinking how simple it was, after all, to do the thing you wanted to do. Just as she was doing now. For that, of course, was all she asked of life—just to sit and think. With emphasis upon the latter.

So she thought of Paul, and hoped a little guiltily that he was enjoying himself. Next she thought of Red Hair, and tapped a silver heel into the saloon's thick carpet. Finally, on the consoling thought that blondes were, at best, rather obvious in silver lame, she curled up in a pool of white chiffon and closed her eyes.

When she opened them—perhaps half an hour later—the drive full of cars was not a part of her surroundings. Instead, on either side of the black saloon, which was certainly moving, sped open country and shadowy night. In the front seat, behind the wheel, sat a dark silhouette.

The dark silhouette swerved the car to an abrupt stop beside a small roadside coffee-stall and turned off the engine. To the man who came up to his window he said, "A cup off coffee—black."

On the back seat Susan sat up and looked interested. If there were any food to be had, she felt she needed some of it. She added politely, "And a ham sandwich for me, please."

A bomb exploding in the back seat couldn't have jerked the dark silhouette round more sharply. And though he had, somewhere, since Susan had seen him last, mislaid the glittering blonde, he still had the scowl.

"You!" he said. "Where in the name of heaven did you come from?"

A rest had evidently left Susan refreshed. She said brightly:

"Out of the Nowhere into Here. Only—there's a slight confusion as to where the 'here' is."

He told her without trimmings.

"It is twenty miles from where you are supposed to be, and it is approximately one o'clock in the morning. If it's not too much trouble, would you mind telling me how you got there?"

Susan was never one to keep back important details.

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TIN CAN SAILOR

By . . .

ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

THE darkness was damp and clinging, a thing of elusive beauty and tangible menace, a shroud smothering the sea and the ponderous shapes riding it in battle column.

Patches of ghostly grey fog slid over the black swells, sometimes dissolving into nothingness, sometimes gliding wraithlike to blend with blankness that was never far away.

"Sailor" Dane drew his blue overcoat around his gauntness and watched the fog warily.

Destroyers, as well as fog, were ghostly grey on a night like this, and a screen of swift, low-riding craft cruised around the heavy main line to guard against submarines. There was always the danger of collision when you ran without lights.

The actual responsibility wasn't Sailor Dane's, just now. He had split the fleet into the White and Black forces. His flagship, the Georgia, was back in second place, and Combatfor, the battle-force admiral, was leading the White's dreadnoughts up there in the U.S.S. California. Sailor Dane was just the chief umpire. But a man can't relax years of responsibility in the flutter of a few signal flags.

And now the tenseness was everywhere in the darkness, like tant, invisible wires running from ship to ship and all tied to Sailor Dane's bony fingers.

His hand had sent the swift cruisers and aircraft carriers of the Black force to Aleutian waters, turned them, set them striking silently for Hawaii. A crook of his finger, and the battleships and destroyers were out to find and crush them. Fleet Problem 22 was Sailor Dane's puppet show, enacted with vivid drama against five million square miles of sea and sky in the Pacific. And there was no telling when death might foul a string.

It was just past ten. For twelve hundred men who stood watch and watch on the Georgia, for forty thousand men in the rest of the divided fleet, dawn would most likely bring the climax of the Navy year.

For Admiral Philip Porter Dane, commander-in-chief of the U.S. Fleet, dawn would bring the climax of forty-three Navy years.

He smiled into the darkness where the destroyers were. He was tall and thin and past sixty; his lined face was both stern and kind, and only his eyes went with his calling. They were like the sea—sometimes as blue and soft as a quiet lagoon, sometimes unfathomable. Underlings had seen them dark as the sky behind a howling nor'easter with greenish lights kicking up like the foam-flecked surry driven before the wind.

They had called him "Sailor" a long

time before he commanded a squadron of wartime destroyers. They called him "Cincus" now in official messages—a formal code abbreviation to denote his rank. But behind his back they still called him "Sailor," and he knew it and loved it.

He paused at the after-rail of the signal bridge, where the empty halyards bent in the wind. A hot blast sighed from the big stack abaft; there was a thin moaning in the tripod masts and the shadowy sky-tops, and an incessant trembling to let you know that thirty-three thousand tons were on the move. A heavy swell buried the bow and flung spray high; the cool, clean tang of it lifted to his nostrils and he breathed deeply.

He glanced at the sky, saw that it was still overcast, and looked into the navigator's chartroom where Kelly and the Georgia's navigator worked under a hooded chart lamp.

Kelly was the flag secretary, a stocky, two-and-a-half striper who had been brought up in destroyers. He was the buffer between Sailor Dane and a thousand details; he was Sailor Dane's right arm. He glanced up and spoke around a clenched pipestem: "If Admiral Bender holds to his course, we'll sight his main body at dawn."

Sailor Dane nodded and turned away; he was wondering if Bender knew they were within a hundred miles of his swift Black cruisers. Kelly's money was on Admiral Pearson, but Bender was shrewd. Bender had the fast ships—and the planes.

Turning over the matter of the planes in his mind, Sailor Dane smiled like a small boy who has just greased the trolley tracks on Halloween. Bender had the planes. But the White force had the destroyers.

They'd see, now. They'd measure the result by every yardstick they had. Unless Sailor Dane was mistaken, the surface fighter would still be supreme. A lot depended on that sky, and it was still overcast. Sailor Dane started pacing again, and his smile faded, and his lean face was taut with a strange, bitter defiance no one could see in the darkness.

They were saying he hated planes. That he had hated them since that day in Pensacola when a fast pursuit job folded a wing and an ensign named Philip Porter Dane II rode the ship down and didn't walk away.

They were saying that, and let them. The statement was true, the inference wrong.

Please turn to page 42

*Apprehensively,
Sailor Dane
watched the
blazing liner
ahead of them.*

JOHN SANTRY

The WAY BACK

● The clarion call of war grimly shatters love's dreams... Continuing our brilliant new serial.



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

"Things are beginning!" Scheldt told his confederates, not suspecting that he was overheard.

"A retired naval commander," said Maurice. He licked pale lips.

"Is that safe—or advisable?" "I tell her it isn't. She says it would be more suspicious if we avoided him!"

"What is he doing here?" "He's undergoing some sort of treatment. The doctor here fancies himself as a psychotherapist, it seems. The man had a sort of nervous breakdown after being torpedoed."

"Is he in love with her?" "I think he is."

"Then he will be always about here."

"That's what I tell her."

"Is she in love with him?" "I do not think Rachel has ever been in love with anybody, but she would probably enjoy having another love affair."

"We can't afford to take risks," said Scheldt. He was frowning portentously. "Now everything moves. The date for the invasion of Denmark and Norway is fixed. After that we shall have air bases for England. It will not be long before you have your work to do. If this man is too curious, it would be better to kill him."

Once more Maurice licked his lips. His hands moved again, as if they could not keep still. He had played with the ornaments on the mantelpiece until they were in a hopeless mess.

"I have never killed anybody!" he said.

"Then it is time you were blooded. And what is one among so many? Tell yourself that it may be luckier for him, being dead. You should have no difficulty. The rocks are slippery, and the tides are treacherous. Or it might be arranged to look like suicide. Love, and a nervous breakdown—any coroner would not have far to look for the causes!"

Maurice's eyes were haunted. One of the ornaments fell on to the hearth with a crash.

"I wish to heaven I had never been mixed up in this!"

"Why then that you had not been so very careless," said Scheldt. "You have only yourself to blame."

"It was blackmail!" burst out Maurice.

"Admitted. It is, after all, a convenient weapon!"

"I'm not like Rachel—she does it for the fun of the thing!"

"She is coming!" said Scheldt quickly.

His pale eyes flickered as Rachel came into the room. She had a radiance. Beside her brother she was like strong wine compared with water. Scheldt took her hand and kissed it lingeringly, with full red lips.

"Is that wise?" said Rachel. "I thought, whatever happened, we must be English." She sat down. "You saw my little commander, Scheldt?"

"I would not call him little. I have just been discussing him with Maurice. The British Navy are not fools. He may suspect things."

"He does," said Rachel. "Quite a lot."

The two men stared at her, one in terror, the other grimly.

"I have watched him from my window," she went on calmly. "It has been moonlight lately, you know. It is foolish of him. If he is not careful the villagers may take him for a spy!"

He still has the old war complex. He is searching the cliffs for a base for submarines. He will soon probably suspect us of storing petrol."

"Well, we do," said Maurice.

"Not for submarines," said Rachel. "And it has not occurred to him to look at the nice level fields beside the house. He is too new to the neighborhood to realize that we have moved the stones away so as to build a rockery in the garden!"

"That was clever enough," said Scheldt. "Now, listen, Gnadige Frau! I have not much time. Things are beginning!"

Their heads were very close together, their voices barely audible.

Level fields? thought Burton. Level fields?

Level fields? thought Burton. Level fields?

Level fields? thought Burton. Level fields?

His footsteps on the grass verge

were noiseless. He had followed Rachel unseen, always one head of the path behind her. He knew that the daily help would have gone home. He had skirted the kitchen premises and had been frightened out of his life by a marauding cat. But he was here now, and his hand was on his automatic.

He had heard enough. There was no use risking anything more to-day. If he had had a car he could have followed this man, Scheldt. He hadn't. That was something that must be attended to immediately.

He looked longingly at the back of the long low saloon. He could have hidden under the rugs. That was too risky though. It was still too early in the game to chance showing one's hand.

He retreated in good order. Two things Morgan had been right about. Brother and sister were here for no good purpose, and one must get rid of ideas left over from 1914-1918.

Level fields? Level fields? Supposing—just supposing...

"He's better!" cried Helen Nairn, the puppy crawling up her shoulder, her face lovely with satisfaction. "He's eating like a pig!"

"Good!" said Sandy. "He certainly looks different doesn't he? I've brought Miss Frome to see him. She's keen on dogs, too!"

"What a darling," said Nicole, caressing a silky ear. "What are you going to call him?"

"Daddy says he should be called Light Brigade, because he came back from the jaws of death!" said Helen. "But Scrap will have to do, I think. You'll come in, won't you? It's just tea-time."

"I'm afraid I can't," said Sandy, "but I know Nicole would love to. I've a farmer to see about his arrears of rent and she doesn't want to be there when we come to blows. Tell her Fleetings's a nice place, Helen, and that she oughtn't to go back to London. She's been ill, and my aunt and I are trying to make her better!"

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THE war has brought bitter grief to lovely NICOLE FROME, whose fiancé, COMMANDER BURTON HARWOOD, was wounded and invalided out of the Navy. Seeking to rouse Burton from his nervous depression, Nicole persuades him to go to a dance, but he knocks a woman down as he drives in the blackout, fatally injuring her, and though the coroner exonerates him of blame he feels he has disgraced Nicole and disappears, breaking off their engagement.

Heart-broken, Nicole eventually accepts the invitation of young SIR ALEXANDER ("SANDY") BRYANT, who is in love with her, to go and stay with his aunt and himself at Fleetings. There "Sandy" ardently presses his suit, not even noticing that HELEN NAIRN, the local doctor's young daughter, falls desperately in love with him when he helps her to treat her sick puppy. Burton, meanwhile, recovers his health at a sanitarium, enters the Naval Intelligence Department, and is also sent to Fleetings, ostensibly as a nerve case under the care of Dr. NAIRN, but actually to investigate the movements of RACHEL and MAURICE CURTIS, suspected Fifth Columnists.

Burton meets Nicole at Fleetings, but brusquely tells her to forget him. Later, in the village, he has just ac-

cepted Rachel's invitation to lunch at her home, Seaways, when she suddenly turns pale at sight of a strange car.

Now read on.

"WHAT is the matter?" said Burton.

"Nothing!" Rachel had recovered herself. "Only you had better not come to lunch, after all."

"Certainly not, if you'd rather I didn't, but why not?"

"That was a friend of Maurice's. A most crashing bore!"

"Then why not let me help you cope?"

"No, no! Thank you all the same for my nice black woollen stockings. At least my ankles will not be a temptation to the lads of the village, when I wear them."

"I'm not sure that even the stockings would be sufficient camouflage."

She laughed, and parted from him. She managed to make her way down towards Seaways, as if she were in no hurry.

Actually she wasn't. Evil things could be kept waiting. And Scheldt, the man she had glimpsed in the car, was one of the most evil things she knew.

He was already in the sitting-room of Seaways, an immense, portly man with a bullet head.

"Who was that fellow with her?" he demanded of Maurice.



DEAR ENEMY

Romantic Story

By . . .

**NATALIE
SHIPMAN**

Illustrated by FISCHER

CHILD," said Mrs. Forrester exasperatedly. "will you take off your spectacles? How can I possibly tell—?"

Pat obeyed. "Is that better?"

"Now tip it a little more over your left eye. The left, I said. Yes, it's quite a pretty hat. Where did you get it?"

"I forget. As a sale somewhere. It had a veil, but I made them take it off."

"Why?" demanded her great-aunt. "Because," Pat said reasonably, "you can't wear a veil and glasses."

"Then don't wear the glasses."

"But, Aunt Adelaide, I can't see nearly as well without them. Even now your features look almost blurred."

"They do anyway," Mrs. Forrester said. "I've gained forty pounds this year. Once, though you probably wouldn't believe it, I was supposed to be pretty. Now I'm sixty-six, and I've stopped caring how I look. But you mustn't. And," she added, frowning so that she looked like a disapproving Buddha, "you wouldn't have to wear those hideous things if you hadn't ruined your eyes studying."

Pat sighed. It was an old battle, renewed every time they met, which was one reason—the only reason, really—why she avoided her great-aunt. But to-day a meeting with her had been inescapable. The telephone in Pat's hotel room had rung at half-past eight.

"Patricia," said the harsh, affectionate voice, "apparently you are going away. I had to read it in a newspaper." There was a rustling of paper. "Dr. T. S. King, the well-known biologist, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Patricia King, sails to-day on the seventy-foot schooner Aloe for a prolonged trip to the South Sea Islands. Other members of the party include . . . and so on. Of course, your father wouldn't think of letting me know, but you—"

"I'm frightfully sorry, Aunt Adelaide. We only got here last night."

"Come to luncheon with me to-day," the old lady commanded. "At half-past one—promptly . . ."

"I will, thank you," said Pat, adding politely, "Father sends you his love."

"Ha!" said Mrs. Forrester, and hung up.

Pat sighed, but five hours later she was in the drawing-room of her great-aunt's big house, and now, fortunately, the maid was announcing luncheon, so the usual skirmish would have to be postponed until they were seated in the oak-paneled dining-room and had begun on a meal whose richness entirely explained Mrs. Forrester's figure.

As she finished the cream of mushroom soup her great-aunt warmed to the attack. "Patricia, are you really going off on this—this absurd junket?"

"It's a scientific expedition, darling,"

Pat said. "Of course I am—I've been looking forward to it for a whole year. It's taken father that long to organise it—to get the special grant from the institute and buy and equip the Aloe, and engage the other men, and persuade them to let me go. They didn't mean to take a woman," she added, "but they gave in. So you see, I couldn't back out now, even if I wanted to. And," she smiled at her great-aunt, "you won't believe it, but I don't want to."

"What are you going to do in the South Seas?"

Pat said patiently: "We're going to study diseases, darling. Tropical diseases."

"I know, I know," said Mrs. Forrester, irritably. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm the secretary. I keep a journal of the trip, and take notes. Father does the real reports, of course. And I keep track of supplies." She opened her purse and took out a list. "Would you like to know what we're taking? 'Ammunition, arms, bedding, chronometers, clothes—'"

"Clothes sound unnecessary," her great-aunt observed dryly.

Pat continued. "Food—two and a half tons—"

"Tons! What kind of food?"

"Tinned. It's stored so that we can unpack it meal by meal. Balanced meals, too," she added wickedly, eyeing the old lady's plate. "Spaghetti and spinach and apricots, corned beef and carrots and raspberry jam, biscuits—"

"Stop!" Mrs. Forrester ordered, attacking her breast of chicken. "I've always known that Theodore was hopeless, but this is the worst thing he's done yet. Taking you to the other side of the world in a dinghy—"

"It's a seventy-foot schooner with two engines—"

"A dinghy, in the midst of typhoons and cannibals and fever—"

Pat went on eating her luncheon calmly. She was quite used to such protests. People had talked like this since she was a child, probably, because she was small and golden haired and not at all the way a female scientist

was supposed to look. She remembered her conference with the Dean when she was a freshman at the University and had announced that she was going to study biology.

The Dean, who was a large, playful woman, had looked at her quizzically. "Why biology, Miss King?"

"Because," Pat told her, "my father is Dr. Theodore King, an authority on tropical diseases. I hope to be his assistant—he's trained me for it since I was quite young."

"And how old are you now?"

"Eighteen."

"You don't look it," said the Dean. "Except, of course, for your glasses."

"I'm extremely myopic," Pat explained. "Ah! Biology," said the Dean thoughtfully.

Pat nodded. "That's why I came here. Your science departments are considered excellent. Not," she added, "as good as those at the institute, where I'm going in the afternoons, but perfectly adequate for pre-medical training."

The Dean bowed. "Thank you. So that's your ambition, Miss King—to be a biologist and know the science of life?"

"Yes," said Pat with determination, "it is."

It had been her ambition all her life—that, and pleasing her father. They were really the same thing. Ever since Pat was ten and her mother had got a divorce from Theodore King to marry a polo player, she and her father had been very close. She was sometimes afraid of him, but she always adored him. He was so handsome and big and energetic; he was more like a sailor than a scientist, with his bright blue eyes, his fair beard turning grey, his booming voice and his air of an absent-minded Viking.

But he was completely absorbed in his work and unaware of everything that went on outside it. That, Pat thought, was why Aunt Adelaide disliked him. They simply had nothing in common.

Her great-aunt was still talking. "The worst possible training. Fanny was a fool—I never pretended to like her, even if we were cousins. Theodore isn't a fool, but he's worse. Sending you to that University, and keeping you locked up in a laboratory with nothing but germs in bottles! And now this! How long are you to be gone?"

"Probably a year and a half," Pat said cheerfully. "A year, at the very least."

Her great-aunt snorted and drank water. Presently she said more calmly: "Child, why don't you spend the winter with me? Some of my friends have daughters and nieces your age, and you could meet them, and have a little normal gaiety."

"That's a pretty hat, Patricia," said her great-aunt. "Though I don't see what good it will do in Fiji, except to attract head-hunters."

Please turn to page 38

Australia finds £11,000,000 for her babies



BACHELOR
Minister, Mr. Harold
Holt, with some of the
children who may benefit by child
endowment.



TYPICAL FAMILY group, who will be better
off when the Federal endowment scheme comes into
operation.

Bachelor Minister Holt tells how endowment scheme will work

The only bachelor in the Federal Cabinet, Minister for Labor Mr. Holt, has been given the job of drawing up the £11,000,000 Federal family endowment scheme which comes into force on July 1.

On that day the mothers of about half a million children under 16 will be entitled to collect 5/- a week child endowment.

"SUCCEEDING governments for years past have felt there was a weakness in our basic wage structure, under which an average rate is paid to a man irrespective of the size of his family and his family's needs," said Mr. Holt, in describing the endowment scheme to *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

"Obviously a basic wage earner with a wife and a family of five or six children finds it harder to provide for his family than the man with a wife and only one child or no children at all.

"This is particularly the case in wartime when there is possibility of a rapid increase in price levels. Unless there is prompt adjustment there is hardship and want, and it becomes all the more desirable that specific provision be made for family needs.

"Under the Federal child endowment scheme every family, irrespective of what the father earns, will receive 5/- a week for every child except the first.

"Thus a husband and wife with a family of five children will receive an extra £1 a week.

"I don't need to tell any housewife coping with her household budget these days how much help that extra £1 a week will be.

"We are determined that this endowment money will be spent expressly on the maintenance and upbringing of the child.

"For this reason the payments will be made to the mother or to the person directly responsible for the child's care.

"Another means of ensuring this

will be provision for paying endowment in lump sums.

"For instance, a child might need expensive text books and an extra outfit of school clothes to continue studying some special subject. The child's mother could arrange to collect six months' or a year's endowment in a lump sum.

"Method of financing endowment has not yet been definitely decided, but part of the money may be raised with a tax on payrolls, paid by employers.

"Details have yet to be finalised on endowment for children of aliens and other British subjects—for instance, English evacuee children at present in Australia.

"We hope, also, to find some means of paying endowment to children of aborigines, and we are also making provision for children in orphanages and similar institutions.

"The system of paying the money each week to mothers is one of the most important aspects of the scheme.

Different Systems

"At present we are examining four different systems, and from them we hope to evolve one which will fit in most easily to the housewife's daily routine, and at the same time be the most economical from an administrative point of view.

"We do not want busy women to have to stand in queues, but at the same time we do not want an elaborate scheme that will load the new department with costs.

"It is probable that the money will be paid at post offices and the mother will be given a book similar to a cheque or coupon book to be used as receipts for payment.

"When we have completed organisation of the scheme mothers will be able to obtain application forms, on which they will give particulars about the children for whom they claim endowment.

"There will be no necessity to produce birth certificates. All that will be needed will be the signature of a person of authority—a school master or an officer of police, for instance—confirming that the statement is correct."

Asked whether he thought child endowment would affect the birth-rate, Mr. Holt said:

"I don't imagine we are going to be suddenly blessed with countless hundreds of new babies just because each one would bring another 5/- a week into the home.

"But the fact that it will ease economic pressure and give some measure of security for new additions to the family will, I am sure, encourage people to have larger families."

Another provision to provide funds will be the abolition of the £50 deduction for each child from income tax assessments.

How it works

THIS aspect of the plan has been severely criticised in some quarters, because in higher income groups the profit gained through endowment will be lost in extra income tax.

We asked Mr. Holt just how this would apply.

"Wage-earners in lower income tax groups will still be entitled to the £50 deduction. Wage-earners earning up to probably £350 a year will still be eligible for the £50 deduction and will receive the endowment as well.

"Above that salary the deduction will not be allowable, so that increased income tax will reduce the gain of the endowment, the amount rising until in the very high income groups the increase in taxation will be higher than the amount received in endowment.

"So that, virtually, the higher income groups will be helping to finance the scheme.

"A man with three children earning up to £350 a year will thus receive the full benefit of endowment—£52."

Mr. Holt gave the following table to show the effect of the substitution of 5/- a week endowment for the £50 deduction allowance for a taxpayer with three children.

Income	1939-40 tax rates	1940-41 tax rates
	Gain	Loss
£600	£22	£11
£1000	£31	£2
£1500	£18	£18
£2000	£15	£24

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? Australian babies have long been labelled our best immigrants. Soon they'll be paid for the job.

"YOU SHOULD BOTH TAKE IT"

says Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"Robinson's 'Patent' Groats will help baby over this difficult weaning stage and it will help you to get a good night's rest. In these worrying times you must look after yourself as well as baby, and Robinson's 'Patent' Groats is just the food you both need. There is nothing like it for helping baby to develop healthy bone and muscle, and for helping mother to keep up her strength."

**ROBINSON'S
"PATENT" GROATS**

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"KITTY FOYLE," our great new serial, begins April 5.

Work to be done by girls in Air Force

R.A.A.F. calls for 250 qualified women

There'll soon be women in the Air Force. Two hundred and fifty will be enlisted for ground staff vacancies in the R.A.A.F.

Applicants will be plentiful and so will be the good-natured envy of the lucky 250 who get a chance to wear the coveted wings of the glamor fighting service.

EVERY girl in Australia would like the chance to trip over the tarmac and work the wireless of the R.A.A.F.

But these are not mere glamor jobs that are offering.

The new Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force will be doing a real job of work, and its formation justifies the enthusiasm with which

hundreds of Australian women have trained to fit themselves for such service if needed.

A friendly welcome to Australia's first women members of the R.A.A.F. was given by the Minister for Air, Mr. McEwen, in an interview with *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

"I shall look forward to meeting them," said Mr. McEwen. "I have seen some of these women's organisations on parade and was very impressed."

"I feel tremendously grateful to these women who have voluntarily trained in signalling work, and have trained themselves so thoroughly that we are able to avail ourselves of their services."

"I cannot claim the idea of employing women in the R.A.A.F. as expressly my own. The suggestion emerged from various conferences when we found ourselves short of trained wireless operators."

"They will be appointed under the authority of the central administration of the R.A.A.F., but the actual selection will be decentralised to the different district commands."

"Some of the girls will live in their own living quarters at the different stations. They will have their own women cooks as the nursing service has."

"Others, for instance those employed at central area headquarters, may live out and come to work every day as they did in civil life."

Romance?

If any girl marries during her service with the Air Force she will be free to stay on or will be entitled to be discharged if she so wishes.

"Oh, dear, that's one problem I hadn't thought of," said the Minister when he was asked what would happen if one of the women wireless operators married an Air Force man.

The Minister was non-committal about whether there would have to be a special War Council meeting on this particular problem.

About 250 qualified women wireless and teleprinter operators are to be enrolled immediately.

They will be drawn from the Women's Voluntary National Register compiled in 1939, and members of various women's auxiliary signalling and air auxiliary organisations will be eligible.

They must be qualified operators, aged between 18 and 40 and medically fit.

They will be paid about two-

thirds the rates paid to men in the corresponding Air Force grade. For instance, an aircraftsman receives £2/19/6 a week, so an aircraftswoman will receive about £2 a week.

An under-officer, the feminine equivalent of a warrant-officer, will receive about £2/16/- a week.

"With only about 250 qualified women to be enrolled at this stage, there will not be many officers," Mr. McEwen said.

"There will be aircraftswomen—the W.A.A.A.F. counterparts for R.A.A.F. aircraftsmen."

"Non-commissioned ranks will be known as under-officers and sub-officers, the latter being corporals, sergeants and flight-sergeants."

"The equivalent rank to that of pilot-officer will be assistant section-officer, and for flying-officer will be section-officer."

"The equivalent to flight-lieutenant will be flight-officer; squadron-leaders will be known as squadron-officers and wing-commanders as wing-officers."

Mr. McEwen explained that uniforms for the W.A.A.A.F. would be tailored from material similar to that used for R.A.A.F. uniforms. This would be blue in winter and drab in summer.

The jackets of uniforms to be worn by the women, he said, would be of exactly the same cut as those worn by R.A.A.F. officers and men.

Skirts would be worn and headgear would be a peaked cap somewhat similar to that worn by the R.A.A.F., except that it would have a pleated crown. Forage caps would not be worn.

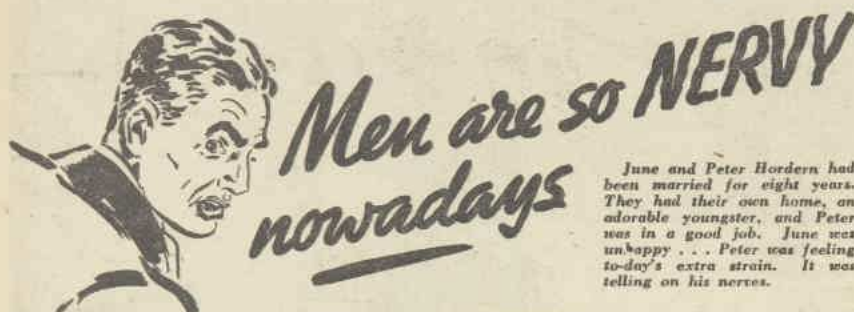
MEMBERS of the W.A.A.F. in England operating the switchboard at the headquarters of the R.A.F. Coastal Command.



GIRL SIGNALLER training A.I.F. recruit. Hundreds of A.I.F. and R.A.A.F. men have been given signalling instruction.



MEMBER OF ENGLAND'S Women's Auxiliary Air Force. A similar uniform will be worn by the girls enlisted in Australia for the W.A.A.A.F.



June and Peter Hordern had been married for eight years. They had their own home, an adorable youngster, and Peter was in a good job. June was unhappy... Peter was feeling to-day's extra strain. It was telling on his nerves.



Jumpy, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, and your nerves are ragged and jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. This nourishing, well-balanced food will restore the vitality necessary to keep your nerves steady—and help you carry on.



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HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION—helps resist the strain



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MACKAY
 of BARDIA



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 mander of the Order of
 the British Empire, the honor
 conferred on Mackay of Bardia.

*And now the world has done
 the same because . . .*

● His name is imperishably associated with the magnificent victory at Bardia. He led the men of the A.I.F. who stormed the stout defences of that city and whose exploits won for the Second A.I.F. the name and the glory their fathers of the First A.I.F. gained at Gallipoli.

● His record marked him out as a man who would win distinction wherever he served. Fellow-officers tell how at Lone Pine in 1915 Sir Iven, then Major Mackay, held a machine-gun post after all his men had been killed and wounded and he, too, badly hit.

● His honors already include a D.S.O. and bar, the French Croix de Guerre, and a C.M.G. conferred in 1919. All Australia welcomes and applauds the new honor.



KNIGHTED by the King. Major-General Sir Iven Giffard Mackay, who led the A.I.F. in Libya, and has been knighted in recognition of his leadership.



LADY MACKAY, daughter of Brigadier-General J. B. Meredith, of Raymond Terrace. Her brother, Captain Meredith, is with the A.I.F. in Libya.



JEAN, elder daughter, now Mrs. Bill Travers, is in Palestine. Her husband is an A.I.F. captain.



ALISON, younger daughter, is still at boarding-school in Sydney.



LIEUT. IVEN JOHN MACKAY, A.I.F., only son, is now in Malaya.

An Editorial

MARCH 15, 1941

HOUSEWIFE AND THE BUDGET



AUSTRALIAN women were surprised by the Prime Minister's London statement that wartime prices in Australia have not risen more than 3 or 4 per cent.

Official figures have just been released showing that retail prices of food and groceries have increased by 7.2 per cent. in the past 12 months.

But to the housewife such official figures sound remote. They belittle her immediate and urgent problem of making ends meet.

When told that prices have risen by only a small percentage, she has a feeling that someone is looking at her problem through the wrong end of a telescope.

She sees nothing small about an extra 5d. on the cost of a pound of tea, an extra 3d. on a packet of matches, a rise on canned fruits, some jams, breakfast food and cornflour.

She feels the pinch of the extra 6d. for repairing Dad's boots and the extra 3d. on little Johnny's.

Her new blankets cost her a quarter as much again as the last pair; her favorite 25/- shoes have risen 2/6 a pair.

There is an increase of 1d. or 2d. on many of the chemists' lines with which she stocks the home medicine chest.

The housewife's management of the home income is the very basis of any country's commercial life. A nation of bad housekeepers would soon send stores and warehouses bankrupt with their bad debts.

To-day the housewife handles less money because of high taxation, and she must pay more for nearly everything she buys.

Her problems can't be solved by easy talk of averages and percentages.

They must be looked at with a microscope rather than a wrong-way telescope, and the utmost vigilance must be maintained to ensure that they are not increased more than is absolutely necessary.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Corporal K. D. Roache, written after he had been wounded at Bardia and placed on the seriously ill list, to his father, Mr. T. B. Roache, at Mt. Colah, N.S.W.:

"WELL, mate, I couldn't take it. I was unlucky enough to cop it in the chest, and a few broken ribs into the bargain, but I am progressing fairly well now.

"I am in a N.Z. hospital, and they look after me like a king. The night sister seems to have taken me under her wing, bringing me cocoa every now and then throughout the night.

"I'm sorry Pop, but I can't write much more as I'm still very weak.

"It was on my birthday, and practically everything was blown off me. I arrived at the dressing station with my trousers in tatters, half my gratecoat, and one boot on. Not another stitch.

"Too tired to write more, look after yourself. Love to Mum and Ess. Good luck.

"P.S.—Thumbs up!"

Bombardier H. C. Orford to his mother in Hawthorn, Vic.:

"WE finished our Christmas festivities with sports on New Year's Day.

"We had all sorts of events, but the novelty ones were the best—camel and donkey races, finishing up with donkey polo.

"Two teams, six aside, were mounted on donkeys, with hockey sticks as mallets, and it was fun seeing the boys trying to get the donkeys running.

"Half the time they were pushing them along or running beside them, hopping on when the ball was near, and when the boys did get on and swiped at the ball they nearly always forgot the hockey sticks were curved, and so they fell off.

"When a chap got his donkey running, he forgot he wasn't on a horse used to the game, and pulled him up. Instead of slowing up, the donkey stopped dead, and over his head the rider went sprawling.

"The climax came when the donkeys and chaps were all mixed up at one end, and it was a grand sight till one chap connected with the ball and it went shooting up to the other goal.

"The fun started then. The riders tried to get their donkeys to move, and, after a while, one got going and galloped in fine style till he nearly reached the ball. The rider got off and by pushing and pulling managed to get the donkey in a proper position so that he could have a good hit.

"Mounting again to a good aim, he scored a bonzer goal. All this time the other chaps were trying to get their donkeys going, and the spectators were yelling like mad. This must have got the player muddled, because in scoring the goal he not only fell off his donkey with the swipe he gave, but he scored the goal for his opponents, as he had completely forgotten the ends had been changed!"

Winnie the War Winner



"I know, Captain, but he still insists on the gasmask."

Private J. Fournie in Palestine to his mother, Mrs. Chapman, Erina, N.S.W.:

"SOME of the boys had quite a lot of unnecessary exercise on Sunday.

"A small animal was noticed grazing on the plain near the camp.

"Much argument and speculation at last decided the fact that it was a gazelle. One or two started in a half-hearted manner to chase it.

"Much to everyone's surprise the gazelle did not run directly away from the camp, but contented itself with merely eluding its pursuers and resuming grazing in the same area.

"This was too much! The general opinion was that a mere four-legged animal could not make a fool of an Australian battalion. It must be caught, if only to teach it a lesson!

"Soon a couple of hundred men were expending much energy, wind and profanity on a hopeless cause. For nearly four hours the chase went on.

"At last the fugitive, in leaping completely over one man, landed neatly in the arms of another. Honor was saved!

"The triumphant procession wended its weary way homeward, congratulating itself on the acquisition of a new mascot.

"Unfortunately, a party of nurses provided an anti-climax.

"They indignantly demanded the return of their pet, and stated the party for daring to chase the darling, and threatened to report all concerned to the G.O.C.

"However, they eventually quietened down, saw the funny side and explained that 'Gerald' was let out every afternoon for exercise!"

A signaller in Palestine to a friend in Altona, Vic.:

"IN strange contrast to the modern Tel Aviv is the age-old port of Jaffa, or as it was called in Biblical times, Joppa.

"It was at this port that Perseus rescued Andromeda from the sea monster. It was here that Jonah booked an inside passage by whale to Ninevah.

"It was this port that the great Antony gave to the glamorous Cleopatra as a token of his love. It was from here that Richard Coeur de Lion sallied forth during the Crusades to do battle with the equally valiant Saracen leader, Saladin, who later sacked the city. It was this port the conquering Napoleon stormed and burnt.

"But prophet, lover, king, sultan, and conqueror, all these have passed, and to-day Jaffa is chiefly famous for the constant flowing golden stream of oranges which pours through her portals to the far-flung corners of the earth."

A Queensland soldier to a relative at Dutton Park, Brisbane:

"THERE'S no doubt the English people can take it, and all Jerry's bombing of London, instead of lowering the morale, has increased it.

"Here is a little example of this.

"I struck a small shop off the Strand one day. All the front was blown away, and a small sign was tacked to what remained of the door. It read:

"'Business as usual, but now open day and night.'

"Such is the spirit in England to-day."

Stoker A. Law, R.A.N. to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Law, of Waikerie, S.A.:

"I ARRIVED right in the middle of an air raid—a wonderful start!

"I was then put on the train for London at half-past five in the evening, but did not arrive there until half-past eight in the morning owing to the biggest air raid over London since the beginning of the war.

"And what a night I spent in that train—sat upright in the baggage-van all night with nothing to eat or drink.

"On arrival at Euston Station I had a hearty breakfast of one cup of tea (no sugar) and one sandwich. After that I was again put on a bus with all my gear and taken to Waterloo Station, where I was to catch the train for Portsmouth.

"I arrived at Portsmouth about 7 o'clock at night, fit to eat a horse and drop from want of sleep, again to run into an air raid.

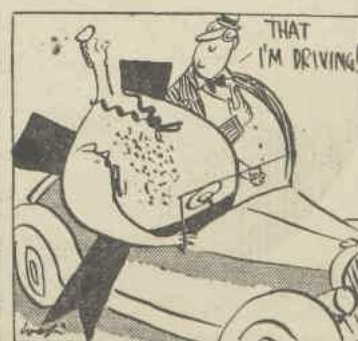
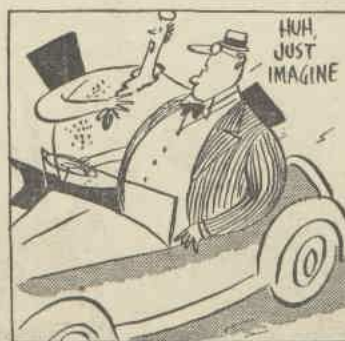
"Immediately I was rushed down an air-raid shelter, where I sat up till 4 o'clock and did not get any sleep that night, either.

"The people take everything quite calmly over here, as if there were no war on.

"The news you hear and read about of planes being brought down by the hundreds is perfectly true, as I have seen some of the battles with my own eyes, and our planes are much superior in every way.

"I saw some German air-force prisoners being escorted through Waterloo Station the other day, and they were only lads of fifteen or sixteen."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



How to lose friends and aggravate people

As Ideas Manager Ginger gets too many ideas

By MAL VERCO and GINGER,
Australia's famous entertainers.

Somebody wrote a book a few years ago on how to win friends and influence people. The ass.

I know that sounds bitter, but seeing that Ginger read the book and still has no friends I just can't understand why he is still able to influence people.

BUT despite the absurdity of it Ginger can influence people. Don't I know it!

He got one of his periodical huffy fits the other day. Probably just as a matter of principal. (I always have to pay the interest.) Anyway, he'd been gone a couple of days, when I gave up hope.

Wandering into a city store, I told the chap in the frock coat and snooty expression that I wanted something unusual in the way of a present.

"Yesir, I'll take you to the Ideas Manager," he said.

Before I could bolt I saw the Ideas Manager was Ginger. He fixed me with a glance. Then, having settled me, he went on with his dictation.

"New paragraph. Comma. Full stop," he said in a fast voice. "What the furnishing department needs is an invention of mine that went round the globe . . . a lampshade. Exclamation mark full stop. For the wool department (this will go right over their eyes). Knitting needles with nobs on both ends so that you can't drop a stitch."

He gloomily signed a couple of letters, and looked up towards me, barking . . . "Well?"

"Not so very," I replied pertly.

"But you seem to have stuck up a lucky spot."

Ginger cleared his throat uneasily and looked about. "Scrambola," he said to the girls, and they did the Mussolini act. (Only not nearly so fast).

Before I could complete my question about his coming back to work he said . . . "Pst . . . here comes the manager and a couple other stooges for a conference. Slip behind that curtain Malsie."

I did . . . and Ginger slid behind the mahogany desk to be an executive again. Then the crowd rushed in.

Ginger composed his features into a hideous leer that was supposed to mean goodfellowship. "Come in J.B., P.G., and N.G.," said Ginger in one of those heavy voices that would have sunk a ship. And then airily waved the cigar box at them.

The manager hopped right in. "Lissen," he whooped (like a choking Cherokee), "didden ya tellus ya'd put a new line of safety matches out . . . DIDDEN YA!" (The final words were a death yell . . . but Ginger didn't flinch).

"So what?" he said, simply. (Like Abe Lincoln).

"Well," screeched the manager, "They won't light! Get around that."



Ginger airily waved the cigar box at them.

food you don't want salt on. And then there's all my other inventions."

But the manager had the last laugh . . . "You'd better go out and invent waterproof pound notes," he jeered. "You'll need them for a rainy day." They departed.

"Anyway," I said, emerging from

behind the curtain, and unable to resist the temptation to take a final rise out of Ginger . . . "What's the greatest invention of all time . . . you ought to know!"

Ginger wrinkled his brow. "I don't know, Malsie," he said thoughtfully, "I won't have finished till next week!"

RON-VIVIAN

(He was getting the spirit of the thing, and he patted the bald patch on the back of his head as though it were a bushfire that had to be put out).

"You asked for safety matches . . . and you got 'em . . . you can't even LIGHT 'em," said Ginger. "Isn't THAT safe?"

The Indian-like fellow retired hurt. One of the other blokes chipped in. "You're in underwear, J.B.," he said. "What's this peanut contributed to your department?"

The Underwear fellow went livid. "CONTRIBUTED," he yelled. "The little . . . the LITTLE . . . the wart . . . has taken 72 pairs of stockings to give away as samples . . ."

"LISSEN," said Ginger, in a voice that made them all shudder into silence. "Didn't I invent that idea of putting hair tonic on to serge suits to sell 'em for fur coats? Didden I give the men's department the idea of red collars so that the lipstick wouldn't show—and hair remover on the coat lapels? Didden I?"

He looked round the room with a conquering eye. Napoleon would have given pounds—or louis—for it.

"I feel like resigning," he gritted. The manager shifted uneasily. "Smatterfact," he got out, "we came here to ask you to do that!"

"That's O.K. by me," said Ginger, with a withering glance round the room. "You'll still have to pay me royalties on that salt-holder, though!"

"Anyone can make a salt-holder," snapped J.B.

"All you did was to make a salt shaker without holes in it . . . and I never COULD make out what it was for, anyway," he added plaintively.

"Huh!" said Ginger. "A salt-holder is for not putting salt into



He shared a similar fate.

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Now is the time to think of his future—now when you can

decide his future and build his frame, form his muscle, enrich his blood, stiffen his nerve and courage.

He depends on you to give him food that will make him big-boned, broad shouldered. He depends on you to give him food that will form firm flesh, tireless muscle. Food for his brain and nerves. Food to toughen his strength against the risk of illness.

He depends on you to give him Ovaltine. Give him delicious Ovaltine to drink in milk every single day and he will have the food he needs for building the muscle, bone and courage of a true son of Australia.

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For lovely hair—FREE OFFER. 3d. packet of famous Camellia-Tonics Tanning sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

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DWW133

The Way Back

Continued from page 5

"NOBODY is ill for long down here," said Helen. She thought Nicole the prettiest person she had ever seen, but was a little shy of her, because she was so grown-up and "London." The two girls went into the drawing-room together. It was a faded, pleasant room, from which no change of fashion had excluded old photographs and old furnishings. Scrap sniffed Nicole approvingly. His stumpy tail wagged.

"He likes you!" said Helen. "He'd have been dead if Sir Alexander hadn't fetched the pepsin."

"Sandy's a pretty helpful person," agreed Nicole.

"He's terribly nice, I think," said Helen.

"Everybody likes him."

"You'd think that a compliment!" said Helen, with unexpected perspicacity, "but I'm beginning to wonder if it is!" She curled up on the sofa, and looked across at the pretty girl on the other side of the fireplace. She was still shy of her, but she wanted to talk. During the last few days, her mind had been buzzing over with a number of things, and the sooner she got them out the better. "Come to that, everybody liked me at school, but you need something different, somehow, when you come home. I wonder—would it have occurred to you, that I had been a prefect?"

"Probably," said Nicole. "Why?"

"And would you have liked me more if I'd been just a fifth form kid?" asked Helen.

"Why on earth should I?"

"You don't think it has made me managing and bossy, and too sure of my own opinion?"

"My dear child," said Nicole, "who has been putting ideas into your head?"

"Somebody I know," said Helen. "I'd hate to be like that really!"

"I suppose you do take yourself rather seriously, if you have been a prefect," said Nicole. "I know I did. And I suppose I did go about as if I were better than anybody else. But I got over it, and so will you. It's all part of the growing pains, and they don't last very long, any more than measles. Probably you've got to forget for a bit that you were a prefect, even though it's quite a good thing to have to remember later on."

"He said I'd get over it too," said Helen.

"He?"

"Commander Harwood," said Helen. "A most disagreeable man who lives round here. Daddy says he can't help being like that, because he's ill. He might be quite nice too, if he wanted to, the sort of person people might like a lot."

"I think so too," said Nicole. "You know him?"

"Yes!"

Nicole said no more for a little. She played with the puppy again. So Burton was ill, was he, and Dr Nairn was looking after him. And it was no use thinking about him, because he didn't want her. Yet the very fact that he had sat in this drawing-room was stirring. Helen began again.

"Come to think of it, he was just as rude to Mrs. Curtis as he was to me, but she can't have really minded. Anyway they seem to go about together quite a lot. I call her the village vamp, but Daddy thinks her a dear little thing. He's a bit glibly really, poor darling."

Nicole smiled. It wasn't so very long since she had been as young as Helen. She knew and remembered the agonies of enthusiasm of the under-twenties. And she liked Helen.

Sandy reappeared to find them obviously getting on very well together.

"Did you tell the farmer he had to pay up?" Nicole asked.

He looked guilty. "He's got three children, and one of them is deformed!"

"So you let him off?"

"I couldn't do anything else," Sandy grumbled.

"I'm afraid you're not going to be very rich, Sir Alexander," said Helen.

"If we've enough to rub along with what's the odds?" said Sandy. "And, as a matter of fact, I'm never Sir Alexander to my friends. Tell her to call me Sandy, Nicole!"

"Oh, I couldn't," cried Helen.

"Try it over slowly, and you'll find it comes quite easily!" suggested Nicole. "And I am no longer Miss Frome."

"That's not so difficult!" said Helen impulsively.

They all laughed, and Nicole kissed her before they left.

As they walked back to Fleeting Gate, Sandy turned to Nicole. "About what I asked you the other day," he said. "I'm not taking 'No' for an answer yet, you know!"

She was silent.

"I may be recalled to the unit any day now. It looks as if the balloon might go up any moment. Otherwise I shouldn't bother you, but it would mean a lot to me to know that you were safe. If we were married, and anything happened to me, you'd have this place, and enough money to keep it going as well as the pension."

"Sandy, don't talk like that!"

"One must in wartime. But that's only an excuse. Can't you love me a little, Nicole? Can't you put Burton out of your mind? Come to that, there may be somebody else in whom he's interested!"

"Mrs. Curtis?"

"Who told you about her?"

"Helen. But I don't think there is anything in it. From the description he'd find that type too obvious. Burton was never in the least promiscuous."

"All the same, you're better without him!"

They had reached a secluded corner. He turned and took her into his arms. She resisted at first, then suddenly gave way. She felt indeed that it was a comfort to be held so closely. It gave her a soothing feeling, like coming home. She raised her face like a child's for his kisses. Dear Sandy, just like a rock, unspectacular, sound, safe, a haven for the weary. His voice shook a little, as he spoke into her hair.

"Oh, Nicole, I do mean something to you—you see I do!"

"A lot, a terrible lot! If only it could be everything!"

"I tell you, it could be. I know it! But I'm willing to go on waiting, only don't let it be too long, darling! There isn't much time nowadays!"

"No, I'll think it out, I promise you! I'll give you an answer soon. Now let's go on, Sandy. It's time we got back."

"By jove, yes! I made an appointment with the lawyers for five o'clock!"

THEY hurried back to the house. Miss Letty, wearing a shapeless gardening hat, was busy planting lettuce in a cold frame. Nicole did not join her. She felt as if her whole body were charged with electricity. She knew now where Burton lived. It would take too long to reach him by road, but a boat lay in the slips below the house and she was skilful enough at handling it.

Suddenly she knew that at all costs she must see him, that she ached for him as badly as she had ever done. Sandy wanted an answer, did he? Well, she wanted one too!

She ran down to the beach and unmoored the boat with quick, nervous fingers. It was Burton who had taught her a certain amount of seamanship. The tide was against her, but she felt at the moment stronger than any tide. She was going to the man she loved, and nothing could prevent her.

As she passed Seaways she saw a thin, sharply-faced man like a ferret, who whipped out his glasses and surveyed her. But she did not heed him. She was making a sweep to avoid the reef of perilous rock. Then she came on a sandy beach just below the cottage with the crooked chimney out of which a finger of smoke curled as if beckoning her. She moored the boat, tied it to the wooden post and climbed up the precipitous path that in a month or two would be swept with thyme and sea-pinks.

She reached the cottage, and saw that the garden had been laid out ready for planting. The door was green, with a knocker that showed brassy bright. As she lifted it, she thought: In a moment I will know. Her knock was answered at once. Burton stood there, in flannel shirt and trousers. There was a gladness in his eyes, unashamed, undisguised. She went into his house, and the door shut upon them both.

"Nicole!"

"Burton, I had to see you!"

"So it seems!"

Please turn to page 14



WE'VE HAD OUR
LAST BITES OFF
THAT MAN WHO
SNORES—HE'S
BOUGHT SOME
VERM-X!

Rid the house of all insect pests
quicker, cheaper and more ef-
fectively by spraying with
Verm-x Concentrated Insect Ex-
terminator, mixed with kerosene.

STAINLESS—ODOURLESS.

Size to make 1 pint, 1/6.

Also obtainable in sizes to make
1 quart and 1 gallon.

VERM-X
CONCENTRATED
INSECT
EXTERMINATOR

If you prefer, you can buy
Verm-x ready for use from your
grocer or chemist.

Sizes, 8 oz., 1 pint, 1 quart, 1 gallon.



END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two Nyal Figsen tablets before retiring. There is no gripping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning Figsen acts . . . thoroughly, effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figsen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. Nyal Figsen is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3 a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

**FAT, FLABBY
STOMACH**
A MENACE TO HEALTH

Sluicing waistline means more than the loss of an athletic figure. Sagging abdominal organs often lead to serious Heart, Kidney and Liver Disorders, faulty Elimination and rise of Bursitis.



The GOVERNA CORRECTIVE BELT supports correctly the delicate organs, and by its gentle changing pressure, banishes waistline fat and bulge with every move you make.



7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Try the GOVERNA BELT FOR 7 DAYS. It must improve your appearance and reduce your waistline—or NO COST. Write or call for full details. Mention this paper.

GOVERNA BELT CO.
P.A. Building, 225-243 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight



• **IN THE NEWS** . . . Lady Mackay celebrates honor conferred on husband, Major-General Sir Iven Mackay (of Bardia). Photographed at Minerva with Mrs. E. K. White.



• **RECEPTION SCENE** . . . Aircraftman and Mrs. Len Bligh at luncheon at Werriwa homestead after their wedding at Bungendore. Pretty bride formerly Bea Gordon.



• **MRS. WILSON FLARE** and Marjorie Gordon get their heads together and discuss plans for March 18 matinee at Minerva in aid of Army Medical Corps.



• **ADELAIDE PICTURE** of Bob Wundham, formerly of Strathfield, and his bride. She was Mary Wells, of Adelaide, sister of David Wells, who married Moira Pope.

"So thrilled" . . .

ON day Major-General Sir Iven Mackay's knighthood is announced I finally run an excited Lady Mackay to earth in new flat she has taken at Potts Point.

"What a day I've chosen to move into a new flat," says she, surveying chaos. "Telephone and doorbell haven't stopped ringing . . ." But she is "so thrilled" about honor conferred on husband that she doesn't really mind.

First phone call saying "Congratulations to you, too," comes from Mrs. Nigel Barker—before breakfast. One of earliest telegrams is from Army Minister Spender.

No sooner is announcement made than friends begin arranging parties in honor of Lady Mackay and the absent Sir Iven. Lady M. is wearing pretty lapis lazuli bracelet, decorated with fine Egyptian figures, which recently arrived from her husband.

Two weddings . . .

BRIDE'S frock, bridesmaids' frocks, flat furnishings, and all wedding details arranged in week for Shirley Burch's wedding to Bill Westbrook. No time for printed invitations, so guests bidden by telephone to St. Mark's, afterwards at Wentworth.

Decision to marry hurriedly follows news that groom goes into camp shortly.

Shirley, charming in Old-World frock of white moire, is attended by sister Betty, Lorna Marsden, and Betty Walker, who recently announced engagement to Michael Bates.

Lorna Marsden will go to St. Mark's again on April 4, also at 7 p.m., to wed Flight-Lieut. Albert Khan.

Not camera-shy . . .

ANOTHER scene will be added this Sunday to movie record of Belinda Ray Huntley's life. Belinda, now almost six months, will be christened at St. Mark's . . . then cocktails at Mosman home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntley.

Hear that Belinda isn't at all camera-shy. Already there are scores of feet of film devoted to her antics, and her parents plan full-length feature programme by time she comes of age.

Godparents will be Dr. Muriel McIlraith, Mrs. Tim Osborne, of Brisbane, Arthur Hordern, and medico Ken Starr, who is in Palestine.

Did you know? . . .

PATRICIA WADLEY and Arthur Salenger celebrated engagement with family cocktail party on Saturday at Pat's Killara home. Important topic of conversation . . . Arthur's new niece, the Ken Andersons' infant, just named Elaine Patricia.

Henrietta Loder and other Victoria League Young Contingents are organising Easter party to take place on April 19 at Miss Fairfax's home . . . Henrietta is president.

Mrs. Doug Tooth has given up her Edgecliff flat and is living with her father, Sir Norman Kater, at Woolahra.

Point Piper auxiliary of A.A.M.C. raised £62 by latest effort . . . bridge party.

Mrs. Ross Wheatley is over from Melbourne. Staying with another naval wife, Mrs. W. H. Martin, at Bellevue Hill.

Both choose blue . . .

A BUSY week for the Wahroonga Campbells . . . son Bill becomes engaged to Heather Macleod, and daughter Tally's wedding with Bob Campbell, of Bombala, is arranged to take place four days later.

Meet Heather in town, full of excitement, just after getting her ring—lovely clear blue sapphire with a diamond either side.

Blue, also, is simple bridal frock chosen by Tally to match her aquamarine engagement ring. She tells me wedding is to be quietly celebrated at St. Mark's, only families at luncheon which follows at Wahroonga home.

Her future home is charming century-old cottage, refurbished and redecorated, on Cambalong, Bombala.

French—with tears . . .

BRUSH up my schoolgirl French and off to tea party given by French-Australia League of Help at Vere Mathews' to welcome Free French sailors. But must admit they don't understand French . . . not my French, anyway.

Helen McIlraith has right idea. Spends morning learning "Have you been to Manly?" "Do you like Sydney?" and also brings dictionary in case she gets stuck.

Hope Weston's gesticulations are perfect, but when I ask how is her French, she says "C'est terrible." How I sympathise.

Mary Best, speaking fluently, invites a number to tennis party on Friday night, then supper at her Edgecliff home.

On previous Sunday Mary, Helen Wiles, Mary Scott, Jean Murray, and Margaret Lundie get oral practice when they accompany fifty-eight sailors on all-day picnic to Bowral . . . special train, mayoral welcome, sightseeing bus tours.

In town and out . . .

COUNTRY air for the Nall sisters . . . and are they enjoying it! Margery and Pat are at Errowanbang, Carcoar, staying with Margot Mackay. Jean is just back home at Mosman after two months at Cowra, where her fiancé, Max Palmer, is in camp.

Kath Menzies is nearing end of fortnight's holiday at Bowral.

Mountain air for Jasper Lloyds and infant . . . they're at Leura.

The Vernon Rhodes', on leave from Malaya, have taken Mrs. Orr Crago's Leura house.

Heard around town . . .

THE Arnold Mouldens are coming from Adelaide at Easter for Alison Adams' wedding to Leo Cook on April 18. Little Barbara and Jill Moulden, Alison's nieces, will be small bridesmaids.

And seen . . .

DANCING on four successive nights at Prince's . . . Nedd Capp, down from Goran Lake, Quidri.

Matson Line romances . . . Rosemary Wright, of Melbourne, dining with fiancé Kenneth Parker Jones, of California; and June Norris, also of Melbourne, dancing at Prince's with Dr. Billy Bones.



• **SMILE** from Shirley Arnott as she emerges from super swimming pool at Lady Gowrie Red Cross Home (former Woolcott Forbes residence). Shirley is taking part in marine fantasy at the home this Saturday.



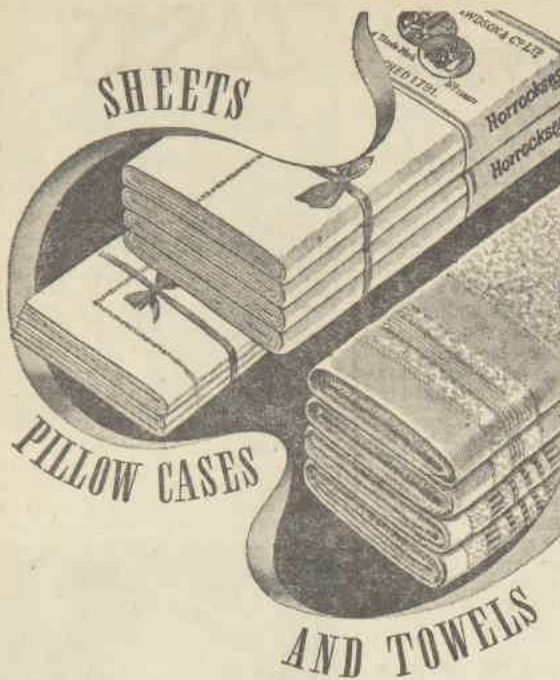
• **AUTHOR'S WIFE** Mrs. Alec Waugh, formerly Joan Chirnside, of Melbourne, at Australia Hotel. She is in Sydney to assist Free French Movement.



• **BETWEEN SETS** . . . Lesley Pope (left) and Diana Harvey Sutton play tennis at White City in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.



• **FAIR BARBARA DARE** and tall fiancé Len Catts in Minerva Theatre foyer during "Susan and God" interval.



Freshly laundered sheets and pillowcases, durable and gleaming white.

Towels—white,—in lovely pastel shades—bordered, or striped, all newly washed and ready for use—what a joy for the houseproud woman to behold, and with what pride she will display their tab "Horrockses Make."

There is not the slightest doubt they are the best money can buy, and will give lasting satisfaction. You pay no more by asking for

Horrockses

Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

RHEUMATISM

*I was bed-ridden, but
De Witt's Pills
worked wonders for me*

Mrs. A. H. suffered terrible pain from Rheumatism—until her daughter persuaded her to try De Witt's Pills. Then she found that the results of the first bottle were "astounding." She writes: "I was bed-ridden for many weeks with Rheumatism, and could not move hand or foot. Everything had to be done for me. I felt resigned to my fate. My daughter had been advised by a friend to get me to try your pills. I was only too glad to try something to obtain relief, and the result of the first bottle was astounding. I found relief after the first two doses. The second bottle saw me walking about again, to the astonishment of all my friends."

Mrs. A. H. later writes:—"De Witt's Pills have worked wonders for me. They do everything you say they do."

When kidneys become sluggish and weak, poisons and impurities accumulate in the system. Then rheumatism starts.



The kidneys are Nature's "magnifying glass," and the only way to clear the system of poisons and impurities, and end the pain they cause, is to restore your kidneys to health.

Within 24 hours of taking the first dose of De Witt's Pills you will have visible proof that they are actually at work on the kidneys themselves. Then, in a very short time, you'll feel those rheumatic pains leaving you. You will feel fitter and stronger than ever.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/14, and 6/-

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1—A grand moment in Australia's history—the recent arrival of our troops at Singapore! They were under the command of
Lieutenant-General L. V. Bond
Major-General D. M. Murray
Lyon—Lieutenant-General Charles Burdett—Major-General Gordon Bennett.
- 2—Sheepshank? That's easy; it's a Cured sheepskin—sort of lasso—part of the hind leg of a sheep—kind of knot.
- 3—You've seen them often enough to know that Australian penny stamps are
Red—blue—yellow—green.
—different colors according to design.
- 4—The death occurred within recent weeks of ex-King Alfonso of Spain. Alfonso, you may remember, ceased to be King of Spain in 1938—1931—1935—1936—1938.
- 5—Here's a very simple one for the busy housewife. You would use rennet for making
Junket—meringue—angels' food—calves-foot jelly.
- 6—Much ado in the last few weeks about Oceania. Properly speaking it includes, out of the following:
Fiji—New Caledonia—New Guinea—Borneo.
- 7—This is to be done without help and straight off. Give the name of the song from which come the lines,
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke.
- 8—Termitie is a more technical name for our
Wombat—white ant—ground lark—codlin moth.
- 9—You've heard of the Colossus at Rhodes, one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It's actually a gigantic
Lighthouse—bronze statue of Apollo—marble memorial tomb—figure of Jupiter carved on a rock.
- 10—This is just a feat of memory—and not too hard, either! You associate H.M.S. Cossack with
The shelling of the Italian naval base at Taranto—the sinking of the Graf Spee—the rescue of the Altmark prisoners.

Answers on page 16.

The Way Back

Continued from page 12

IF she had not seen that welcoming look, she might not have believed that it had ever been there, so dry and non-committal was his voice now. But she didn't care. She told herself triumphantly that she knew the truth.

"I like your cottage. I like your view. You're better, aren't you, my dear—much better?"

"Yes, thank you!"

"Then we can discuss the future. You don't mean to be here for ever, do you?"

"I shouldn't think so. But for the present, I like this place."

"You used to be very keen on getting a job of work again."

"Was I?"

"Of course you were. I'm sure now there must be any amount of things that you could do. Why not come back to London when I go?"

"I can't stick London!"

"Then perhaps I could transfer to a unit down here. I've still got your ring, Burton!"

"I told Edgar to ask you to keep it as a memento."

"A memento is of something that is finished with. Our engagement isn't that—in spite of what I may have told people, in spite of everything! Burton, I don't believe you have stopped loving me! I can't believe it! Love like ours doesn't go all in a moment."

He said nothing. He was looking at her oddly. She did not understand his expression. His arms moved towards her tentatively, then dropped again to his side. His face was inscrutable. He wanted desperately to draw her towards him, to hurt her with the pressure of his embrace, to kiss her passionately. The very loneliness of this white-washed cottage was like a shield to them, drawing them closer to each other.

Why shouldn't he—just once? Why shouldn't he ask her to wait patiently until his work was finished? Could he not trust Nicole? Would not even Morgan have believed that she could be trusted with a small part of this secret?

"Burton, my darling, you see!" she whispered. "Fancy thinking that it was over!"

She was sure of herself, radiant, as she held out her hands to him. She was smiling, ready for his kiss.

There came a knock at the door.

It wasn't a loud one. Rather it was a light rat-a-tat of a knock, the knock of somebody who was expected. Well, here I am! was what it said.

Nicole drew back.

"Who is that?" she asked sharply.

"I'll see," said Burton.

She drew back a little into the shadows. Burton opened the door.

"Well, my little commander!" said a woman's voice.

"Oh—good evening!" said Burton.

"Why so formal?" the unseen woman challenged him gaily. "May

I come in? My brother and I invite you to dinner since we could not entertain you for lunch. And I thought I would fetch you in person!"

Burton had perforce stood aside. Now they faced each other—Rachel Curtis and Nicole Frome. A woman in a dress of soft, full, pale green tulle under a short coat of summer ermine. A girl in a tweed skirt and a yellow woollen jumper.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Rachel said in a slow little voice. "I did not know you had visitors, Burton!"

"Miss Frome—Mrs. Curtis." He introduced them with a sort of wooden formality.

"I am just going," said Nicole. "I only brought the commander a message—from somebody he used to know very well! Good-bye, Burton!"

"You walked?" said Rachel interestedly.

"No, I have a boat below."

"I cannot row at all well," sighed Rachel. "I am a rather useless person. Sometime you will teach me, won't you, Burton?"

He did not answer. He felt somehow that the scene was beyond his control. It was as if at the eleventh hour Fate had intervened, clapping him on the shoulder. He had been on the point of telling Nicole why he was here, why he must stay until his work was finished.

Now he wouldn't, and she was going away, for good, perhaps. But there was nothing on this earth that he could do to stop her.

Rachel watched as he showed Nicole to the door.

"You have charming friends, Burton!" she commented lightly, when he returned.

So that was whom he was expecting, thought Nicole, forcing herself to walk steadily down to the boat. That was why he looked so glad when he opened the door. He was expecting Rachel.

Her fingers were shaking so much that she could hardly untie the rope. What both Helen and Sandy had hinted was true. For once village gossip had not been exaggerated. And she had taken so much for granted. She knew at last that she had lost. She should have known weeks ago. Had he not jilted her quite brutally? Should that not have been a lesson to her?

The tide was with her this time. She hardly had to row at all. It wasn't long before she saw the cove of Fleeting Gate again. There stood the house on the cliff, knee-deep in peace.

It was just as Sandy had described it that day in the taxi. And Sandy himself matched it.

He had just seen the lawyers off the premises. As the sound of their car receded in the distance he came towards her, his hands outstretched.

"Hallo; been out for a walk?"

"No, in the boat," she answered.

Please turn to page 16

FLIES Carry Disease



This baby must be PROTECTED. so we're back to FLY-TOX

Fly infection is too serious to take a gamble on—babies are too precious for that. So we're back to Fly-Tox. Cheap, inferior sprays are not economical—they don't kill—we've tried them. Fly-Tox is a proved spray—it kills all insects, and so keeps the home free from dreaded fly infection. For your own protection get back to Fly-Tox—it kills all insects.

Back to FLY-TOX IT KILLS all INSECTS

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orelx Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

New 3-Second Relief CORN

PAIN GOES Corn lifts out

It's actually in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frosol-tee ... you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then work so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. Frosol-tee is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. All chemists and stores.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vascloid is guaranteed to banish any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vascloid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Darn this new ball."

HE who laughs LAST



"I say, Brenda, what should I have to give you for just one little kiss?"
"Chloroform."



"Well, my man, aren't you going to open the door for me?"



"It would help so much if you took it. The manager says if I can sell this hat I can sell anything."

And NOW—

New Opportunities in Accountancy



Young men—and older men—without previous knowledge or experience, are offered opportunities for remunerative, congenial careers...

SECURITY—COMFORT—PRESTIGE

TWO-DAY brings you a new range of opportunities... new careers that offer exceptional rewards. You, and many others who start now and train with H. & R., can secure remunerative positions (many will do so almost from the day they start training). By the time you qualify you will have advanced further than you might otherwise have done in a lifetime.

Business needs Accountants, and has many new positions to offer men who train and qualify—quick start... quicker promotion... security... opportunity for executive rank in many well-secured positions. Even the Defence Services are operating and launching new branches of work which will require and absorb the permanent employment more congenial

trained men than are now available or will be trained over the next few years.

New enterprises are commencing—more are preparing to operate, and more executive positions for qualified men will be offering than there are men training to fill them.

Public Accountants are already unable to secure enough competent men for the work they have... and opportunities abound for the qualified man to commence as a Public Accountant, in the hundreds of firms who cannot yet secure the service and guidance of these men.

There is a life-time opportunity for you and every man who starts to train now with H. & R. for a career in Accountancy. As a first step cut out and post the coupon below.

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The Accountancy Specialists

Founders of Commercial Education in Australasia

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To HEMINGWAY & ROBERTSON,

Please send me free copy of the new, 108 page illustrated handbook, "The Guide to Careers in Business."

Address _____

Name _____ Age _____

Career interested in _____ 19AA/201

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"SO your husband objects to cats?"
"Yes. He says I feed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay and have some tea?"

"NOW, Sergeant," said the C.O., "I am concerned about the quality of the drinking water. What precautions do you take against infection?"

"Well, sir, first we boil it—"
"Good."
"Then we filter it—"
"Excellent."
"And then for safety we drink beer."

"BILL got his nose broken in three places."
"Well, if he takes my advice he'll keep out of those places in future."

JONES had been knocked down by a car and Smith had come to his rescue.

"You'll have to sue that fellow!" he said.

"No, no!" moaned the injured man.

"What! Why not? Don't you want damages?"

"Damages! No! I want repairs."

"HELLO, old man, I haven't seen you for some time."

"I've been in bed for seven weeks."

"Flu, I suppose?"

"Yes, and crashed."

"I'm proud to say, Brown, that I am a self-made man."

"You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and four daughters"

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE soap



Renders coarse red skin smooth and supple as velvet

..and avoid BLEMISHED SKIN

Gives the skin a thorough Antiseptic Cleansing

Because Cuticura is a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap, it does two essential things to your skin. It maintains radiant skin health in spite of frequent exposure to the weather; and it gives harsh, flaky, blemished skin the clear, fresh beauty of youth. In Cuticura Soap the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura are combined with the most exquisitely refining and beauti-

fying ingredients ever devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. To relieve sore, rough skin, also to heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. After the bath enjoy the cooling, refreshing fragrance of superfine Cuticura Talcum.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS

125

Itchy, Agonising

BITES
HEALED

Bites from mosquitoes, sandflies and all other insects need not cause you hours of itching annoyance if you promptly apply Rexona Ointment. For one touch of Rexona's healing medications quickly eases away the irritating itch and reduces the ugly red swelling. In summer time, more than ever, you need Rexona. See that you have a tin always handy.

BUSHMAN SWEARS BY
REXONA OINTMENT

Dear Sir:

I have used Rexona Ointment with great success for tick bites, centipede bites, prickly heat, sunburn, etc. I live in the bush and it's absolutely essential for me to have your marvellous Rexona Ointment. I cannot praise it too highly. (Sgd.) S. Church.

Coolangubra, Qld.

1/7
PER TIN

Also extra large tins, three times the quantity, for 3/2.



REXONA MEDICATED SOAP
9jd. per tablet. (City and Suburbs).
O.S. 22a

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged—if his nose is warm or if he is listless, loses appetite and is always scratching—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powder. BARKO is a sure way of keeping him fit. BARKO purifies the blood and tones up the 1/4 ALL CHEMISTS whole system.



BARKO
CONDITION POWDER
1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

SHE seized his hands and drew him into the study. "Sandy, I don't need to think it over after all!" she said. "I'll be glad and proud to marry you!"

Sandy stared at Nicole, as if he could hardly believe his ears. Then, with a whoop, he pulled her into his arms! He kissed her again, and yet again. She was almost happy, because he was happy. This was the thing to do. He was so stable, so unchangeable. When he swore fidelity to you, he meant it! And she was fond of him. As for anything else, well, there must always be one who is loved and one who does the loving!

"Nicole, you darling, how soon will you marry me?" he was asking.

"Just as soon as you like!"

"That's at once, this week at the latest!"

"Make it next, and Barkis is willing!"

Yes, she thought again, get it over as soon as possible! Let him so fill your world that there will be no room for Burton's saturnine face! When you think of kisses, let them be Sandy's! When he has gone away, let it be Sandy's arms holding you that you remember. Once married to him, Burton would have to fade out of the picture, surely. What was he—after all? She'd wasted far too much of her life on him!

"You love me a little already!" Sandy said triumphantly.

"I'll love you even more before we're finished!"

"That's the spirit!"

He laughed, and again drew her towards him. Miss Letty came into the room—stopped short.

"We're going to be married!" said Sandy. "Married!"

"Well!" said Miss Letty.

At last, she thought. At long last!

"And I'm seeing the vicar about a special licence!" said Sandy.

"I would!" said Miss Letty. "I'm so glad you'll be here, Nicole dear. I shall be very glad to think of you at Fleet Street."

"But you'll be here, too?" said Nicole.

"Oh no!"

The Way Back

Continued from page 14

Miss Letty's face broke into smiles.

"I have a letter here from Agatha Hughes," she said. "You remember her, Sandy, a woman with ginger hair and warts? She's doing canteen work. She wants me to join her. I said I couldn't. Now I can, and nothing is going to stop me! In the Boer War I knitted khaki mufflers until my eyes went funny. Last war I nursed my mother instead of wounded soldiers. Well, this war's going to be different! I'm going to find it, not wait till it finds me!"

"Why, Aunt Letty!" said Sandy.

"I'll write to Agatha at once!" said Miss Letty. "I wonder if I have to be inoculated against typhoid."

Then she remembered her man—

"You're sweet, Nicole," she said. "And Sandy never gave any trouble to anybody, except when he brought in stray kittens, and birds with broken wings, and dogs who had hurt their paws. And Fleet Street is lovely, of course. You ought to be very happy here, when the war is over. It will be, some day, just as winter is over, although during the snow you couldn't believe it."

She walked upstairs. By the time she had reached the top she was already composing that letter to Agatha. She had forgotten them. She was free at last! They looked after her, stupefied.

"AND I always thought her such a home lover," said Sandy. "I always saw her as a sort of chateleine, and she wasn't. Can you beat it?"

"Thank heaven for the old mads of England!" said Nicole.

Sandy laughed, and again he kissed her. This time there was more passion about it all. This time she, too, responded, anxious and willing to give him all she could. She felt that evening had a strange reality and unreality combined. Here she was engaged, soon to be married. It was all so sober, definite.

These walls, already familiar to her, were to be the background of the years to come. She would choose what flowers should go in the herbaceous border and no doubt do her part in fostering various village activities. She would eat the honey the bees were already storing in the hives. She would engage the indoor servants and dismiss them. Here she would grow a little older every year, the color would fade a little out of her hair, she would see tiny wrinkles about her eyes, and they would not matter.

It was all so firm and unswerving, in a world torn by conflict. Here, somehow, you couldn't believe in conflict. . . . in spite of Sandy's uniform, in spite of the news bulletins.

Yes, I'm doing the right thing, Nicole told herself; the right thing.

At a quarter to eight, Annie, the elderly housemaid at Fleet Street, brought up the early morning tea-trays, and drew the curtains. One awakened leisurely, and drank out of transparent Dresden china. One dressed as leisurely, and descended to a leisurely breakfast at nine.

On the morning after Nicole and Sandy became engaged, however, the even tenor of the household was disturbed. Just after eight Annie came running upstairs. Nicole heard the agitated knock on Miss Letty's door, heard excited voices, dragged on a dressing-gown and ran on to the landing. Sandy, too, had emerged; even cook had left her kitchen. She and Annie were talking together.

"They've invaded Norway and

The answer is—

- 1—Major - General Gordon Bennett.
- 2—A kind of knot.
- 3—Green.
- 4—1931.
- 5—Junket.
- 6—Fiji and New Caledonia.
- 7—"Rule, Britannia."
- 8—White ant.
- 9—Bronze statue of Apollo.
- 10—The rescue of the Altmarr prisoners.

Questions on page 14.

BUT if I can take twenty-four hours' leave I'll marry her, he thought fiercely.

By breakfast time other news had come filtering through—most of it bad. It was not like the last war, thought Miss Letty, with the communiques pinned up at village post offices. Wireless made the world so much smaller. Eye-witness accounts brought the battle to one's very drawing-room.

Nicole was helping Sandy with his packing. His bed was still unmade, his clothes lying all over the place. In a way, it was almost as if they were already married.

"Yes, I'll see to the licence," she said. "It'll be ready when you come back again!"

"And you'll stay here until we hear something?"

She nodded. "Yes, of course I'll stay. I've still another week's leave. I'll apply to the commandant for an extension if it is necessary."

"Thank heaven, I've got this," said Sandy. "Yesterday you hadn't promised to marry me. To-day you have, although I haven't even an engagement ring to give you!"

She cried a little, when she said good-bye to him. She knew that Sandy was going away the happier because she was here in the place he loved. She stood at the doorway watching the little car disappear down the drive. She prayed the prayer all women pray as they watch their men leave them: God be with you until we meet again.

Sandy's face was set grimly. This might be the real thing, or it mightn't. He might drive up between these rhododendrons again quite soon, or he might never return. But if there were any conceivable way of marrying Nicole, he meant to do it!

Then she'd have a pension if anything happened to me, he told himself, severely practical. And I'd better darn well see about making a will.

It was the same streak of practicality that made him look at his petrol gauge. Down to a gallon. He still had a coupon or two left.

Please turn to page 18

A Page from England's
Glorious History"THE FIRST GREAT
CHURCHILL"

Starring
John Nugent
Haywood, Hilda
Scurr, Dorothy
Foster, Lou Ver-
non, Rita Pounce-
fort, Harold
Meade, etc., etc.

The epic story of Winston
Churchill's famous ancestor

Tues. & Thurs.
9.15 p.m.

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Dramatic stories of those
who love, with sparkling
dialogue and lovely music.

Romance"

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Each story complete in itself
. . . each with a different
background, a different prob-
lem, a novel solution, and a
powerful climax.

"A

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Mon. to Thurs. 1 p.m.

"I COULDN'T SWALLOW AT LUNCHTIME . . .

BUT NOW
MY SORE
THROAT'S
GONE"



MAKE THIS TEST

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds—by the time it hits the bottom of the glass—it is disintegrating. See for yourself this simple way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

Sore throats disappear
with Bayer's Aspirin
quicker . . . surer . .
safer

Bayer's
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TABLETS
fixed it!

For quick relief from sore throats caused by colds, dissolve three Bayer's Aspirin Tablets in 1/2 glass of water, and gargle. Pain, soreness and rawness are eased in a remarkably short time, but for this effective, FAST relief, insist on genuine BAYER'S, the Aspirin used so successfully throughout Australia for 20 years.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA
for 20 years

2129



Soaps come. And soaps go. One year we are told that we ought to use a particular soap because all the film stars in Hollywood use it. Another year someone tried to frighten us into using another soap and we are told that engagements are broken off and married bliss destroyed all because of soap. Well, we don't know which soap will be fashionable next year. But we know which soap will still be famous fifty years from now—Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Its fame has been steadily growing since before the first steam train appeared in Australia. Ever tried it?

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

11d a Cake - Bath size, 1/7
Including Sales Tax.
2.5.41

—Chapped
—Cracked
—Rough
—Red



To be rid of rough, red, dry skin simply rub in Amami Hand Jelly every day—after washing. Non-greasy and very emollient, it will "vanish" in 30 seconds and your hands will be softer, smoother, very much lovelier. Get a tube now!

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HAND JELLY

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Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Getting Up Nights

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 1/2, 1/4.

Cystex KIDNEYS
BLADDER
The GUARANTEED Remedy RHEUMATISM

Women also Serve..



MISS G. E. PRYCE, captain of the W.V.N.R., checks the watchbill at the depot in George Street.

Naval training for girls in own reserve group

SEVERAL times a week, in a large room at 212 George Street, Sydney, trimly-uniformed figures stand to attention and answer briskly "Sir" when their names are called.

They are members of the Women's Voluntary Naval Reserve and the "Sir" is the feminine officer calling the roll.

Under the direction of Miss G. E. Pryce, captain of the organisation, naval discipline is the watchword.

The training routine follows as closely as possible that used in the Royal Navy.

Instructors are naval men, who work voluntarily in their own time.

"The W.V.N.R. has no connection with any other naval training unit in Sydney, but is affiliated with the W.A.N.S. and registered with the Women's Voluntary Register," said Miss Pryce.

Inspired by the work of the W.R.N.S. in England during the last war and the present one, Miss Pryce, who is an English girl and member of a family whose men have served in the British Navy for many generations, began the organisation of the Sydney group last September.

Ready to help

"I THOUGHT there might come a time when girls who could handle small boats competently, understand naval routine, signalling, engine maintenance, rowing-boat pulling and sailing, also life-saving, might prove of great use to Australia," said Miss Pryce, suntanned and healthy from hours spent on her own launch.

"I planned to train any of my own friends who wished to learn, and then other girls heard of our group, and soon volunteers came in numbers.

"Our age for membership is between 16 and 35, and many of the

Social events for good causes

MARCH 11.—Fashion Marches On, Trocadero, 2.30 p.m.

Mar. 13.—Concert at Sydney Sports Ground, aid Benevolent Society.

Mar. 13.—Tennis tournament for Red Cross at N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association, Edgecliff.

Mar. 14.—Sherry party for 2/5th Field Regiment Comforts Fund, 6-8 p.m.

Mar. 15.—Lady Gowrie opens The Lady Gowrie Red Cross Home, Gordon.

Mar. 18.—Matinee at Minerva for A.A.M.C.

Mar. 20.—Fashion Parade, aid Deaf, Dumb and Blind, Prince's, 2.30 p.m.

Mar. 22.—Children's afternoon party and sherry party, aid Sydney Day Nurseries, Retford Hall, Darling Point.

Mar. 24.—Fashion Parade for C.U.S.A., Minerva.

girls are wives and fiancées of naval men.

"We also have quite a few who have never had any knowledge of naval routine, but they are every bit as keen as the others.

"All the trainees enter the W.V.N.R. as ratings.

"They must complete a signals course, which covers the usual Morse in all its stages, semaphore, international and naval codes.

"There are also ambulance and seamanship courses.

"We are inviting recruits to join the ambulance course," said Miss Pryce.

In addition to the regular lessons, the ambulance classes will be taught how to handle injured people from shore to ship, how to lower them from a ship's side, and how to transport them in small dinghies and motor-boats.

When the seamanship classes are at work, their book of reference is "The Admiralty Manual of Seamanship."

"The girls learn methods of execution and use for the various methods of knot tying.

Instructors have spoken highly of the ability to manage the more intricate sections of rope tying.

Compulsory training for all members includes physical training, elementary first-aid, in which forty members have just successfully completed their St. John examination, and elementary air-raid precautions.

Four officers have A.R.P. wardens' certificates.

There is a compulsory drill parade on the first Saturday of every month, and the whole day is spent on the harbor on the first Sunday in the month.

"We need the use of a larger launch for our practical use," said Miss Pryce, who considers that properly trained women should be able

RATINGS J. Jenkins, M. Lepard, M. Edwards and N. Woolard pay close attention to the practising of bends and hitches on the juckstay.

to handle competently in any weather boats suitable for harbor work.

Conditions at the W.V.N.R. depot closely resemble shipboard training.

Naval terms are used continuously. As on board ship the time is sounded on a bell and orders are piped.

"To box the compass" is no mystery to the enthusiastic young trainees, and they are rapidly learning to understand the complicated naval and international codes.

Uniforms are not compulsory, but may be worn after a member has been in training for one month.

Cost of uniform

NEATLY tailored in navy-blue serge, the coat and skirt cost 69/6. Ratings' caps and badges cost 8/11 and 4/6, while those for officers cost 14/6 and 8/6. The gilt buttons are 6d. each and ratings wear six and officers above the rank of warrant-officer wear eight.

White shirt blouses are worn, and plain ties.

Silk stockings in neutral colors and strong, comfortable lace-up black shoes complete the outfit.

Dark tan leather gloves are carried, and worn when members are on parade.

Recently some of the members have been taking part in various displays on war-work organisations.

"I was very proud of them when on two recent occasions the girls stood for two hours on a very hot day and did not show the slightest sign of fatigue," said Miss Pryce as she watched a group of members busy with a signalling lesson.

In their spare time the girls knit for the Active Service Comforts Fund—Minesweepers' Section. These garments are sent to the men of the Royal Navy engaged in minesweeping. Recently a large consignment of mufflers, socks and balaclavas was sent to the fund, which supplies the wool for the girls to knit.

BEAUTY CREAM SURPRISE

DOROTHY LEYLAND explains



Even the beauty experts themselves are amazed! Who'd have thought, they are asking each other, that any cream could perform such miracles in softening and beautifying the skin? But Skin Deep is a totally new type of cream, the first and only one of its kind! It's non-alkaline and 87% more absorbent.

Non-Alkaline—Altogether Different
It's only recently that scientists discovered the vital importance of a non-alkaline cream. Now, at last, we Australian women have a way to give our complexions the special care they need, to keep away the ageing effects of burning sun and drying winds.

Absorbed by the Skin 87% More
This cool, soft cream literally soaks right into your skin, refreshing the tissues on which beauty depends. That's how SKIN DEEP takes years off your age almost before you know it. So don't let a night go by without using it. You'll never be a "greasy-face" to your husband if you beautify with SKIN DEEP.



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BEST VALUE FOR MONEY



It's flavour sealed in quarter, half and one pound tins.

TIRED EYES

A drop of Murine in each eye will soothe, cleanse and refresh. Ask your chemist.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Coughing, Strangling Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing,

choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma, opened first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 3 sizes... 2/2, 6/3, 12/6



NOT REALLY AWAKE

When you crawl out of bed not really awake.

When the morning shower is not really refreshing.

When the day ahead is not really a pleasure.

Suspect constipation.

You may be "regular." But if elimination is not complete, poisons remain, get into your blood. And if your blood isn't clean, how can you be well?

There is a simple, honest prescription for this condition—Kruschen Salts. The analysis is on the bottle. It isn't the latest fad. It's an institution. It doesn't need to be coloured or have its flavour disguised. It's almost tasteless. It's not a drug. It's a simple combination of natural salts. And the dosage is so small it cannot form a habit. Doctors have prescribed it these fifty years past, for their medical knowledge tells them that Kruschen Salts is a prescription which is unquestionably and unalterably right.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K3-1840

Frankie faces the Music



This case is true of many others . . . and shows how SOLVOL helps all mothers.

You see, Solvol has something no ordinary soap has . . . a thick penetrating lather that makes dirt roll off good and fast from grubby little hands and knees. Yet it's easy on sensitive skin. Keep a cake in your bathroom.



Gentle as a toilet soap . . . lasts much longer

KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

S.22.82

HE

filled up at the village garage. Only a shock-headed boy was in attendance. Sandy had stepped out, in order to find the coupons more readily, when Helen came out of the vicarage gates. She saw him and came across the road towards him.

"Isn't it awful?" she said. "There's just been another news bulletin. They say the German cargo steamers in Oslo harbor were full of soldiers."

"I'm not surprised," said Sandy. "Hope we're in time to stop them. I'm just off," he added.

She turned very white. "Off?"

"To join my unit."

"Does that mean . . . Are you likely to—"

"I hope so!" said Sandy. "One can't just play at being soldiers! It's only, well—it's only Nicole," he added. "We haven't told people yet, but we're engaged."

Helen said nothing at first. She knew this village so well, she thought, and yet she might never have seen it, so strange it seemed to her. When she spoke, her voice sounded hard and jerky.

"Yes, it's pretty hard on her," she said. "And on you."

If Nicole is feeling even a little more than I am feeling, then I'm sorry for her, she was thinking.

"Yes, it's hard on her," said Sandy.

"She's staying on here for the present, until we see how things pan out. Go and see her, Helen. She'll be lonely. She'll want somebody young and nice like you to talk to. She took a fancy to you. She said so!"

There was nobody about. The shock-headed boy had disappeared again. He gave Helen a brotherly hug.

"You'll do what you can for Nicole, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll do what I can."

"Cheerio then!"

As if he were just going back to Fleeting Gate, she thought. Instead of away, and perhaps—probably—Out There, into the thick of it all. Just Cheerio—like that! Smile when you wave me good-bye.

Well, she knew what being grown-up was like now! She knew what being in love was like, too—why had nobody ever told her how much it hurt?

And he and Nicole were engaged. Well, obviously! Even if there had not been Nicole, he wouldn't have thought of her, anyway, still raw from school. He'd never imagine for a moment that she could love him.

He'd asked something of her, though, hadn't he?—little knowing that there wasn't anything that she wouldn't have done for him, little knowing she would quite gladly

have laid down her life for him. He wanted her to be friends with Nicole.

She'd be that, if Nicole were willing. She liked her. She wasn't jealous of her, because it was simply impossible for her to imagine herself in Nicole's place. She'd go up to Fleeting Gate this afternoon, perhaps.

And in the meantime . . .

She sent the same message after Sandy that Nicole had already sent: God be with you until we meet again!

"My dear Nicole," wrote Colonel Frome, "I'm writing at once to say how delighted I am to hear your news. I remember I took a great fancy to Sandy the first moment I saw him. I'm not a snob, thank heaven, but I'm glad that you're having the sense to make a suitable marriage. I shall be looking forward to seeing you again, though by that time you may be Lady Bryant. Even in these democratic days titles still mean something."

"Thank goodness, you haven't heard anything of that waster, Harwood. The only decent thing the fellow ever did, in my opinion, was to take himself off after that disgraceful accident. I never understood your infatuation for him—never!"

Infatuation? thought Nicole. How little her father understood her if he believed it was only that. Well, it was a thing of the past now. She never saw Burton, although from her windows the funny crooked chimney of his cottage was visible. She tried not to think of him, especially since she had heard that Sandy had gone overseas.

Things in Norway weren't going so well. People were worried. Perhaps it was quite time they were.

She wore Sandy's ring on her finger now. It wasn't a real engagement ring, but he'd found it in some funny old junk shop in a little fishing village where his unit had been stationed. It had come this morning—an amethyst in a hand-wrought silver setting—and she was going to show it to Helen.

She had been seeing a lot of her, and liked her even more than she had at the beginning. And Scrap was definitely a member of the household, for ever getting into mischief. He came dashing out now to greet Nicole. His sheepdog tail wagged ecstatically; his spaniel ears flapped; his retriever nose sniffed her approvingly; his Aberdeen terrier paws pulled her skirt, and his brown eyes looked at her with the devotion of a lover.

Helen appeared. She was prettier to-day, and somehow more grown up. The blue woollen suit she had

The Way Back

Continued from page 16

bought in Exeter had gay touches of cerise. In her schooldays it had mattered only to be clean and tidy. Now she knew that this wasn't enough. Unconsciously she had modelled herself on Nicole, and the effect was good. She had too much character to be any weak imitation, but her rather aggressive self-assurance was gone.

"Any news?" she asked.

"A field postcard—that's all, and as he has forgotten to cross out anything, he seems to be at the base, in a field unit, ill, well, wounded, all at the same time!"

Helen laughed. "How like him! You've just missed Commander Harwood, by the way!"

"He's been here?"

"Daddy 'vets' him once a week." I believe I could meet him now without moving an eyelid, thought Nicole.

"Is he any better?"

"I asked daddy that. He goes all mysterious when he talks of him, and laughs as if he thought him a joke. 'He's as well as he'll be till the war's over!' he said. That doesn't tell you much!"

"Professional secrecy!"

"I suppose so, but it's annoying. I wonder if Commander Harwood will marry Mrs. Curtis. He goes about a lot with her, but I'd hardly call him a marrying sort, would you?"

"On the whole, not!"

"I'm not keen on either of them. I say, would you give me a hand with these minesweepers' gloves?"

AT that moment Burton was sitting outside Seaways with Rachel. They were watching the waves below them breaking against the rocks. Her fingers lay in his. Sometimes he pressed them. He would have preferred them not to be there, but she thought otherwise.

"I must go," he said.

"You are always going," said Rachel. "Why not stay for dinner? We could send Maurice away, and we could be alone."

"I don't want to stay," said Burton. "I want to be alone too."

"You are sometimes very rude, my sweet!" murmured Rachel.

"I know. I've been like that, since that beastly torpedoing. You've got to put up with me! I'll be better in time, I suppose. I came here to be alone in the first place."

"And yet you can't keep away from Seaways!" said Rachel.

"You're quite right," said Burton.

He still held her fingers. They moved inside his own. She looked up at him.

"Do you know you've never even kissed me?" she said.

"I didn't think you would let me."

"I didn't think you wanted to."

He kissed her. He had to. He hated it. For the first time he felt himself a spy, true to the tradition of every thriller. But she was a spy too, on the wrong side. He was sure of that. But, since he had to kiss her, he did it well. Afterwards, she looked up at him thoughtfully through half-closed eyes.

"Maurice is going to London a week on Thursday and not coming back till Friday," she said. "I shall be alone all night."

"Won't you be frightened?"

"Perhaps. Unless you come to dinner with me."

"That might be an idea."

"I think so too." She stiffened, listening. "That was the telephone! I'll go. No, you stay here! I'll bring some sherry when I come back."

"But I must go, too," he said.

"All right then, if you really want to."

He saw now that she was willing and anxious to be rid of him. She wanted to answer that telephone alone. He said good-bye to her, and began walking towards the gate. Then he doubled on his tracks, back to the house. The front door was still open, so he quietly entered the hall. He heard Rachel in the study.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories, which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Separate meals not favored by the majority

YOUR plan, Mrs. Fraser (22/2/41), by which each member of the family gets his or her own lunch and breakfast, no doubt works with your adult family; it is the busy mother with the young family, some of whom are below school age, who finds the preparation of meals irksome.

Can you imagine a number of little ones getting some sort of meal for themselves?

I think the resultant confusion would mean more work than the preparation of a decent meal.

Mrs. F. A. Schoenheimer, Parkview St., Milton, Brisbane.

Unsatisfactory

YOUR idea might work out successfully, Mrs. Fraser, if put into practice in homes where members lead a life of leisure, but I think it would be most unsatisfactory in the average home—ours, for instance, where Dad, two sisters and myself go out to business and commence work at 9 a.m.

I think that if we all had to rush round and prepare our own trays the kitchen would nearly be reduced to bedlam, whereas now we each



Confusion and quarrels would result from separate meals.

take our turn to assist Mum prepare breakfast for the family, and help with the dishes afterwards.

Lunch would be worse, for if we had to rush home and prepare our own there wouldn't be time to eat it.

Miss R. Nelson, Box 12, P.O., Moree, N.S.W.

Too many cooks

AN adult family could manage meals in the way Mrs. Fraser suggests, but I still think it would be muddled.

Men in the family usually want a hot breakfast, and the confusion which would ensue with three or four cooks around the stove would be appalling.

Mrs. R. J. Ferguson, Yardley St., Hobart.



CARRY SUNSHADES

NOWADAYS one hardly ever sees a girl carrying a parasol. Most women declare firmly that parasols are out of fashion.

This seems a pity, because they are sensible as well as decorative.

In a climate such as ours they would be really useful, especially as most women these days wear tiny brimless hats which may be smart, but certainly do not keep off the sun.

There are very pretty sunshades to be bought in the shops, and I think they would add to the smartness and comfort of women if they came into fashion again.

Joan R. Wilson, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

"SHABBY OR SHODDY"

I KNOW a girl who cannot now purchase the expensive clothes she wore formerly, and instead of buying cheaper ones she clings to the old, though they are showing signs of hard wear. She says she would rather be shabby than shoddy.

Is not this attitude mistaken? The shabby clothes keep the change in her position constantly before her mind, whereas new ones would make her feel brighter. People notice the general air of well-being rather than the quality of the garments. In these days inexpensive clothes are of good quality and well cut.

Miss P. Snodgrass, c/o Miss Coleman, 15 Hampden Ave., Cremorne, Sydney.

RUDE CUSTOMERS

ONLY when a woman has actually served behind a counter can she fully realize how lacking in courtesy and consideration is the average purchaser.

Impatiently, and often with a superior air, a woman will ask for what she wants and then vent her disgust at the price on the innocent shop assistant.

I have seen a woman pick up and rearrange a table of stockings, having no intention of making a purchase, and never thinking of the work she is unnecessarily giving one of the girls.

Surely a little more thought could be given to the shop assistants who are on the whole so pleasant and obliging.

Miss J. MacDonald, c/o 74 Channon St., Gympie, Qld.

Should children be told of war

SHOULD we talk to children about the war, so that they may realise some of the suffering of others, or should we keep it from them, saying, "They are only young once. Let them be happy?"

I believe that they should be told something of the privations of children in the war zones without dwelling too much on the horrors.

Show them how they can help: tell them they, as well as their parents and older brothers and sisters, can do something for the war effort.

Every child likes to feel grown-up and of importance. Encourage them to knit, to help refugee children, to deny themselves luxuries in order to buy war savings certificates.

That is my opinion. Do others share it?

Et to M. I. Jameson, Karachi, Belliverie, Tas.

Is publication of howlers a mistake?

I DO not agree with Mrs. Amey (22/3/41) regarding the publishing of school howlers.

I think publishing these mistakes would make a child think in future before putting anything down on his examination paper.

In many cases children forget what they have written in their answers by the time they are published.

I remember having a good laugh with the rest of my class over a very stupid answer, and did not know it was my own work until the papers were returned.

Miss D. Hardy, c/o G.P.O., Sydney.

Keep names out

NOT many children care whether howlers are published or not.

The names are not mentioned, and that is the main thing.

However, when a teacher reads howlers aloud to a class and mentions the names of the writers, that is quite a different thing. It is very unkind to the children who made the mistakes, and very bad training for the other listeners.

Mrs. E. Phillips, Bayview Tee., Claremont, W.A.

Do no harm

NO, Mrs. Amey, I don't think publication of howlers is particularly harmful.

Most children when they don't know an answer have a wild guess at it. I know I did only a couple of years ago. The results are sometimes amusing, and I don't think many children feel sensitive on the subject.

Besides, names of the perpetrators are never published.

Ross Provo, Vale St., Wilston NW1, Brisbane.

Explain, don't ridicule

ALL children do their best in examinations, so why should their mistakes be made public for others more fortunate to laugh at?

Mistakes should be explained, not ridiculed.

Mrs. Hay, 112 Cabarita Rd., Cabarita, N.S.W.

Reflect on teachers

I CAN'T see that the publication of howlers is embarrassing to children, unless names are given.

But they are often a reflection on our education system, because so many howlers reflect the tendency of the child to make a wild guess at an answer.

Many howlers suggest parrot teaching, and no help towards logical thought.

Mrs. A. Head, P.O., Echuca, Vic.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1. and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

HAPPY GARDENER

ALTHOUGH I am frequently dissatisfied with my garden, it really is very lovely.

I glory in the outdoor work and spend hours every week striving for better results. Sometimes I find the work very trying, and it certainly is a tie.

Yet nothing gives me greater pleasure than for passers-by to remark on its beauty. While I feel certain I am doing the job entirely for the satisfaction of achievement, I often wonder if my work is giving pleasure to others.

Elizabeth Young, P.O., North Brighton, Vic.

YOU'H BEST

"LIFE begins at forty." Isn't this a rather ridiculous saying? Yet one hears it a dozen times a day.

At forty one's looks have started to fade, and few of us reach it without some physical ailment.

One loses that joy of living which is exclusively youth's.

Although life at forty can be very pleasant, it certainly doesn't begin there.

Miss I. M. Fluerly, Degilbo, Gayndah Line, Qld.

MORAL COURAGE

IT seems to me that women have more moral courage than men.

A woman will sail serenely along the street with a ridiculous little hat perched over one eye, causing passers-by to titter. She does not mind; she is in the fashion. She can take it!

Contrast this with the average man. He lacks the moral courage to carry home a bunch of flowers to his wife for fear his fellow men will dub him a "sissy."

Mrs. L. M. Woodman, 12 Tennyson St., Sandringham S.S., Vic.

DAILY SIESTA

I FIND it very refreshing and rejuvenating to have an afternoon nap.

Many mothers find it impossible. I am sure, to get away from the care of their little ones even for an hour. But when children have grown old enough to do without continual attention the mother still has to wash, iron, mend, and cook for them. I think she has richly earned a daily siesta.

Mrs. L. E. Coombs, Boomey Rd., Melong, N.S.W.

Would women prefer to wear low heels?

MISS MILDRED O'BRIEN (22/3/41) is quite right when she says high heels look ungraceful. Very few girls look attractive perched on three-inch stilettos.

Even if they walk successfully they look ludicrous when they run or hurry.

However, fashions in shoes are so varied nowadays that there is plenty of choice.

The new wedge heels are very comfortable, and smart as well.

If only girls realised that the comfort of their feet is reflected in their facial expressions, they would be more careful to wear suitable shoes.

The bad carriage and agonised expression of a girl whose shoes are too small or too high in the heel offset any smart effect she may hope to produce.

Mrs. R. Saunders, Onslow Ave., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

Slaves to fashion

WHILE Miss O'Brien is right when she suggests that low heels are more comfortable, I think women are mostly slaves to fashion.

We appreciate comfortable clothes, but will endure discomfort if it



Nowadays there is no lack of variety in shoes.

seems necessary to an up-to-date appearance.

Fortunately these days there is great variety in shoes, and many of them are low heeled. Wedge heels, to which we are now accustomed, are comfortable.

Mrs. E. Harrison, Archer St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Bad for health

IT is not only feet that are affected by exaggerated high heels. General health can be affected eventually because very high heels throw the body forward at an unnatural angle.

Very few women realise this, so that it would be a mercy if fashion decreed low or moderate heels for all occasions.

C. M. Brown, 7 Sherwood Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.

Most of us are working long hours—and who is free from worry just now? Overwork and worry play havoc with the delicate digestive organs. Appetite goes. Even a well-cooked meal may give you heartburn, flatulence or pain, instead of building up strength and energy.

Don't neglect those danger signals. Tackle your indigestion at once with De Witt's Antacid Powder, the remedy

which corrects stomach trouble scientifically in three stages. First it neutralises excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it helps to digest your food—so relieving the weakened stomach. That's why De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly stops indigestion and then restores a healthy appetite.

No matter how long you have suffered, you will soon be eating what you like—enjoying every meal.

Approved No. 173

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½. Giant size, 4/8

It might have been serious . . .

"Why will people leave broken glass about? My heart turned over when I saw that nasty cut on Tommy's foot. My first thought was to protect it from infection. That's why I was so glad we had a bottle of 'Dettol' in the house."



A cut or scratch cannot be too tiny for germs to attack, nor can you tell where germs are lurking. That's why the instant dab of 'Dettol' is so important. 'Dettol' kills all germs yet has gentle action upon tissue. You'll be agreeably surprised that so gentle and pleasant a fluid could achieve such results. That is the reason for its strong recommendation in maternity cases and why women depend on it for intimate personal hygiene. Sold by chemists only, in 2/1 & 3/8 bottles.

... if it hadn't been for 'Dettol'

RECKITT & COLMAN (Aust.) LTD.
(Pharmaceutical Dept.), SYDNEY

Edited by
MRS. MARY HOLIDAY



and a staff of experts, for the benefit of all Women's Weekly readers—especially those who use Persil.

Over the Garden Fence

MRS. HOLIDAY'S FREE SERVICE

If you have any problem connected with washing, you are cordially invited to write to Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne. She will reply personally by mail or through this page. Mrs. Holiday, as you probably know, is the famous English washing authority.



This Week's Special Washing Talk

A young bride's curtains

Sitting in the restaurant of one of our big departmental stores the other day, I was surprised to hear a stranger address me by name. "Why, I recognised you from your picture in the papers, Mrs. Holiday," she explained. And it turned out that there was one of my readers—a newly-married girl. She'd just been buying curtain materials—pretty eau-de-nil artificial silks for her bedroom, heavy patterned chenilles for the lounge and an attractive yellowish-gold net to buck them up.

"A very nice choice, too," I commented, "and if you'll let me give you a tip you'll make up those net curtains with a double hem—and a fine hem down the sides; they'll hang better and keep their shape after washing."

Washing Your Curtains

I expect most of us know that net and similar curtains have to be treated rather gingerly in the wash tub. Hanging at a window, always exposed to the light, tends to weaken a fabric.

That's why I advise Persil for washing curtains. There's nothing safer for fragile materials. And provided you use sufficient (I heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water) Persil will remove every speck of

'Do you Live near the Sea?'

Ocean breezes are destructive to curtains made in delicate materials. If you wish to avoid frequent replacements, choose hard-wearing cotton fabrics for your curtains.

dust and dirt—without any rubbing—so that the colours shine out bright and clear.

Laundering curtains is a simple matter if you set about it in the right way. First shake them to remove loose dust. Soak white or fast coloured curtains in cold water for an hour or so. (Be careful to avoid prolonged soaking for artificial silk net or very highly coloured fabrics.) Different materials require different treatment—so I'll deal with them one at a time.

Cambric, marquisette, muslin or net. The best way to keep white curtains of these materials a good colour is to scald them. After soaking, put them straight into cold water in the copper with mixed Persil and bring to the boil. It is not necessary to continue boiling—just leave them to soak. When

the water is cool enough to put your hands in, squeeze your curtains gently from the suds, lift carefully out and rinse thoroughly.

Artificial silk curtains need special care and should be washed in quite cool water. They should not be lifted up and down in the suds but very gently squeezed and kept in a mass.

Patterned chenille curtains require cool water, too. It is especially important to see that all moisture is squeezed out before leaving them to dry, otherwise the colours may blur.

Put them through a wringer with rubber rollers if you possess one—and shake well to bring up the pile. Hang evenly over the line—don't use pegs. And move the curtains from time to time to avoid a crease line. If they have a coloured border that might run, hang first of all so that the border points down towards the ground.

Ironing

When pressing sheer fabrics never use too hot an iron, as they scorch easily.

Quite an easy way to finish net curtains is to hang them up in position while still wet and put a rod or walking stick through the bottom hem. They then require no ironing.

TO SCENT FINE LINEN

The clean, fresh perfume that a bag of lavender imparts to newly-laundered sheets and pillowcases will be found very refreshing and cooling on a sultry night. Its effect on the brain is extremely soothing. (Indeed, a tincture of lavender was the old-fashioned cure for a nervous headache.) At one time, lavender was used in every laundry to perfume the linen—especially when frills and ruffles were the mode.

5/- FOR YOUR WASHDAY TIP

What is your most useful washday hint? Send it to Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne. If suitable, she will be pleased to pay you 5/- on publication. Readers listed below are among those to win this week's awards.

As I am rather Miss N. Seaborne, small, I used to 16 Cleng Street, find sheets very Sth. Brisbane, Q.

Now they are no trouble. I fold one end neatly and put a piece of paper on the window sill and shut ends in the window. I then walk away, folding sheet as I go, to other end. By pulling hard the sheets are straightened and folded beautifully.

Mrs. P. Holden, Most mothers agree that though 8 Concord Road, smoking is an Strathfield, attractive finish to children's clothes, N.S.W.

it is difficult to keep it looking smart and new after washing. . . . Instead of ironing in the usual way, heat an iron and stand it upright. Pass the smoking to and fro across the face of the iron until the smoking is dry. This method will avoid giving the gathers that flat look.

Mrs. H. Hooper, Dark blue or 16 Banks Avenue, black clothes, es- Kingsford, N.S.W. pecially serge, if given a final rinse of clear blue water, will retain their colour and freshness and will also be free from the whitish look that dark clothing occasionally gets.

She thought her blouse was white...



... UNTIL SHE USED A PERSIL-WASHED TOWEL



Why does Persil wash things so much whiter? Because of Persil's oxygen-charged suds that give so much more cleansing power. They swirl through every stitch of your wash. And they go on working till there's not a trace of grime anywhere. Yet though so very thorough, Persil's cleansing is gentle as can be!

Trust your fine wash with Persil, too—your silk undies, your hand-knits and summer frocks. You'll never want to use anything else—ever!

HOW TO HAVE

Beautiful Hands

IN SPITE OF HOUSEWORK

Some women blame washing powders for giving them sore hands. But recent research by skin specialists proves that practically all sore hands come from having them immersed in water for long periods.

This softens the protective layer of the skin. Then if you rub clothes, small breaks are easily caused in the softened skin. When dry, hands are no longer "velvety" and look cracked.

But you CAN prevent this happening by a little regular care:

1. First, avoid rubbing the clothes—there's no need if you use Persil; it will do the hard work for you.

2. Before going into the wind to hang out clothes, rinse hands in cold water and dry thoroughly.



With the thumb and index finger of one hand begin at the tip of each finger and press downwards towards the wrist.

3. Rub a good lotion into the hands immediately after washing. (If you have no lotion by you, use a teaspoonful of sugar moistened with a few drops of lemon juice.) If possible, massage hands with an oil or feeding cream every night—following the movement shown in my diagram.

4. If the nails are split, file them straight across—not down at the sides. This will help restore the elasticity of the nail.

Choosing sheets



HELPFUL ADVICE BY A LINEN BUYER

BETTER to pay a fair price for good household linen in the first place, than to have replacements cropping up all too soon. Here are a few pointers for brides-to-be paying that first visit to the Manchester department.

Look for a firm, close weave in sheets, crisp to the touch—but not full of dressing, which will reveal itself if you crumple a little of the material in your fingers.

Experienced hands test the weave by stretching the sheeting and pushing a finger against the taut surface from underneath to detect whether the threads separate too easily.

Shivery souls may prefer twill sheets for the winter, but linen finish is recommended both for the extra wear and for the nice crisp finish it has after washing. Real linen, if you like the cool, fresh feel of it and care to find the extra outlay, will amply repay you in wear.

Tips to Save Money

Mothers with big families can save by buying unbleached sheeting for the boys' beds; it grows softer after a few washings and wears very well. If you leave unbleached sheets hanging out on a rainy day it helps to whiten them more quickly.

It's a big economy to buy all sheeting by the yard, but don't forget to allow for reasonably generous hems. And don't forget that when the centre part begins to wear thin, you can nearly double the life of your sheets by cutting them in halves down the middle and joining the sides together.

PERVERSE PERCY



MRS. HOLIDAY asked Percy to illustrate "Getting yourself a strong prop." This is what he did.

EXCLUSIVE

Mary Holiday
PATTERN SERVICE

2/6 PATTERNS FOR 6d.



Pattern "J" in bust sizes 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches. Size 26 (with long sleeves) requires 4 1/2 yds. of 36" material.

CLASSIC SHIRTWAIST FROCK

Just the frock you want for casual wear. Latest 1941 style, with front fullness, inset pockets and bishop's sleeves. (Pattern includes short sleeves and convertible collar.)

All Mary Holiday Patterns include an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting-out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain these beautiful overseas patterns, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.). Fill in the coupon.

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SHIRTWAIST FROCK

To "Patterns," P.O. Box 495 H, MELBOURNE. ENCLOSED find 8d. in stamps. Please send Pattern "J." (Pattern can only be obtained by post and from the above address.)

SIZE (34", 36", 38" or 40" Bust) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



• Brian Kellaway with his parents, Mrs. Cecil Kellaway and Cecil himself, talk to Mr. Arthur H. O'Connor, Australian National Travel Association representative, at the Riviera Country Club meeting celebrating Australia Day and the inauguration of the Anzac War Relief Fund. • Right: Attractive Joy Howarth offers Australia's thanks to Merle Oberon, who donated £350 to the fund.



Hollywood starts fund for A.I.F.

WELL-KNOWN AUSTRALIAN PLAYERS LEAD ENTHUSIASTIC DRIVE FOR DESERT AMBULANCES AND COMFORTS

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

AS a result of the latest war funds movement in Hollywood, Australian and New Zealand troops in Africa will soon be getting a whole fleet of fine new desert ambulances, as well as additional comforts.

At a recent all-day meet at Hollywood's Riviera Country Club, Australians and New Zealanders resident in Southern California, aided enthusiastically by their American friends, celebrated the inauguration of the California branch of the Anzac War Relief Fund.

Originating in New York, where its sponsors include such noted Australians as Sir Hubert Wilkins, Percy Grainger, John Brownlee, and Marjorie Lawrence, the Anzac War Relief Fund is designed to raise money in America for specially-constructed desert ambulances and other comforts for the Anzacs in Africa.

Tasmanian-born Merle Oberon promptly offered to serve as patron.

Outdoor picnic

THE genial Snowy Baker, one time champion amateur athlete of Australia, and now manager of the exclusive Riviera Country Club, helped to get things off to a fine start by staging an all-day programme for the Aussies on Australia Day.

A hilly tea picnic in a grove of gum trees by Snowy's cottage—which he pleases to call his "gunyah"—was followed by an exciting afternoon of equestrian events—two polo matches with opposing teams dubbed "Diggers" and "Kiwis," a steeplechase, bareback "renewal race," a mounted "Battle of Gallipoli," and many more fine exhibitions of riding skill. Later on the

Australians and New Zealanders in the crowd carried on to a dinner dance and meeting, at which a branch of the Anzac War Relief Fund was officially inaugurated and temporary officers elected.

Speaking from a stand bedecked with fragrant gum leaves and colorful wattle branches—a nostalgic touch for many of the Aussies—Merle Oberon promised all possible assistance to the movement and gave the membership a pleasant surprise by opening the fund with a cheque for £350.

Immediately a second cheque for the same amount was given by Mr. Sydney Keith, of Melbourne, who now lives in Hollywood with his wife and daughters. From then on the offers of help rolled in thick and fast, assuring the immediate purchase of many supplies for the troops.

Mr. Casey's message

DURING the meeting a telegram arrived from Mr. Casey, Australia's popular Ambassador to Washington, wishing the movement success, whereupon, the Aussies resolved to dispatch a message to Washington congratulating the Ambassador on the fine work he has done in promoting the friendship of America and Australia.

Chairman and vice-chairman elected by the group were Arthur H. O'Connor, representative of the Australian National Travel Association, and Robert W. Marshall, Commissioner for New Zealand.

Among the several hundred Australians and New Zealanders in Hollywood who assisted in the organisation of the movement were Joy Howarth, Cecil Kellaway, Mona Barrie, Robert Greig, May Beatty and her daughter Bunny, Clement May and Edward Ashley.

Already the group is working on plans for a huge benefit performance at which Hollywood will donate its talent to aid the Anzacs—and it promises to be a gala event, for throughout America there's veritable magic in that word Anzac.

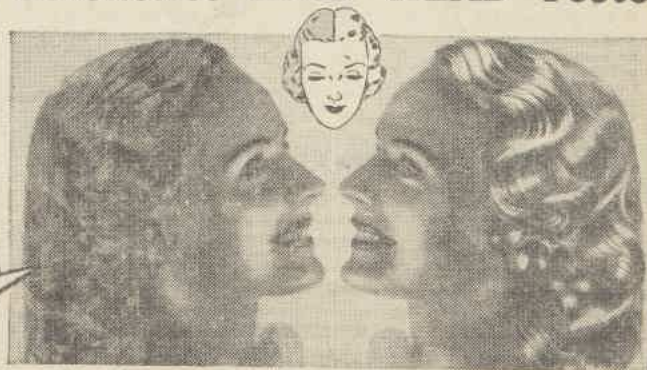


• Australian actress Mona Barrie (left), May Beatty's daughter Bunny Beatty, and Mrs. Cecil Kellaway are committee workers for Hollywood's benefit in aid of the A.I.F.

GLORIFYING RESULTS of New Shampoo Proved by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests

Clearly Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:

1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Makes 'perming' faster, safer.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Illustrates soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-film." RIGHT—Illustrates Colinated side. Hair shining, silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle. Proved safe for hair and scalp.

THRILL to see your hair glorified by this revolutionary new-type shampoo—for its amazing results have been proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

Unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam Shampoo, the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo—gave these amazing results: 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother, silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves faster. 4. More "spring"—returned to more natural curl.

Not a soap, not an oil... but made by the exclusive patented "Colinating"

process—changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubbly-foam that washes away dirt, grease and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-scum" or oily residue to remove.

Test Colinated foam and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. (Economical, too, costs less than 4d. a shampoo)... Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd.



Half the hair washed with Colinated—other half with fine soap or powder shampoo. "Perms" Take Faster In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time under machine to take lovely wave.

GOODBYE TO GREYNESS OR GOODBYE TO YOUTH

In just 10 minutes INECTO will recolor your hair—make you look and feel ten years younger. INECTO cannot be detected and will not rub out wash off because it colours the hair FROM THE INSIDE. 18 shades to choose from that never fade and are absolutely permanent. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package.

INECTO HAIR COLOURING

LOSE FAT GOES FAST WITH REYNOLDS TREATMENT

A leading Magazine Street Specialist says: "I have examined the formula of Reynolds Capsules, and am convinced it is a very safe and efficacious remedy. I have recommended it to many people, and have done all that was claimed for them." Dozens of letters from satisfied patients have been received. Guaranteed to Reduce 2 1/2 lbs. per box. 10 Days' Trial for 6/- Reynolds Science Laboratories, Pty. Ltd., 1th Floor, State Shopping Block, Market Street, Sydney. Tel. M2781.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO

Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett. (United Artists.) YOU have all the sword duels and romantic period adventure you could wish for in this film. Specially written for producer Edward Small, it recounts a tale of the son of Alexander Dumas' famous fictional hero.

In the title role Louis Hayward is a young gallant who dares all for the woman he loves. This damsel in distress is Joan Bennett, who plays a grand duchess, ruler of a mythical Balkan kingdom in the early nineteenth century.

The villain of the piece is George Sanders, as Joan's scheming War Minister. Sanders plots to marry the lovely duchess in order to gain possession of the throne of Lichtenburg.

Though the story is wildly improbable, producer Small has given a good deal of time and money to his settings. The insouciant Hayward is well suited to these picturesque roles. Joan is required to do little beyond wear elaborate costumes—Mayfair, showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ THE LADY IN QUESTION

Brian Aherne, Rita Hayworth. (Columbia.)

FRENCH in background and characterisation, for it is based on the French production "Gribouille," this film is unusual melodrama.

The story is out of the common. Brian Aherne, a kindly French shopkeeper, is on the jury at a murder trial where Rita Hayworth is the defendant.

Believing that she is innocent in the face of strong evidence to the contrary, Aherne manages to secure her acquittal. Then, learning that she is penniless, he invites her to live and work at his home.

It's a leisurely tale with some humorous sidelights. Likeable Brian Aherne has one of the most demanding roles of his career. So has the attractive Rita Hayworth—last seen in "Angels Over Broadway."—Lycium, showing.

★ DIAMOND FRONTIER

Victor McLaglen, John Loder. (Universal.)

HAIR-RAISING escapes from man-eating tigers, crocodiles, and even cannibals, as well as adventure on diamond mining fields, are featured in this thriller.

The hero is English John Loder, playing a doctor in a South African diamond "boom town." When he tries to bring law and order to the community, three rascals, led by Victor McLaglen, frame him on a diamond-stealing charge, and he is sent to prison camp.

Seven years later, the vengeful Loder escapes through the jungle, and is saved from a hideous fate—the cannibals—by a trader, Cecil Kellaway. . . . And so on.

There's nothing new in the plot, nor in the jungle scenes, which have obviously been snipped from some earlier African films. You'll like Kellaway as a philosophical jungle hermit.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ GIRLS OF THE ROAD

Ann Dvorak, Helen Mack. (Columbia.)

HERE'S another one of those films dealing with an American social problem—this one concerns vagrant girls.

The story centres on Ann Dvorak, an attractive young zealot who deserts her comfortable home and goes hitch-hiking herself.

It is certainly novel to see girls hitch-hiking, dodging the police, living in camps, but otherwise it's routine stuff.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Shows Still Running

*** The Great Dictator. Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. Plaza, 12th week.

*** The Letter. Bette Davis in tense drama. Century, 5th week.

** Pride and Prejudice. Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in sparkling comedy. Liberty, 11th week.

** Arizona. Jean Arthur, William Holden in vivid pioneering drama. State, 2nd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



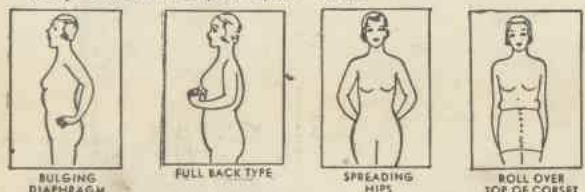
MARCH OF CIVILIZATION—ROBERT PRESTON, AFTER WANDERING IN CELLULOID JUNGLES FOR 3 YEARS, IS ALLOWED TO WEAR A HAT FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN IN "NEW YORK TOWN"—

THE SCRIPT OF "THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL" WAS PRINTED ON PURPLE PAPER—TO PUT ACTORS INTO A PROPER SPINE-CHILLING MOOD—

OUTDOING THE BEST OF THE "CLOTHES-HORSE" GLAMOUR GALS—RAY MILLAND HAS 52 CHANGES OF COSTUME IN "I WANTED WINGS!"

4 Common figure faults corrected instantly with amazing new REDUCING CORSET

★ The New Contour Corset will correct your Figure Faults Instantly—and massage away all Unwanted Fat from Thighs, Hips, Abdomen and Diaphragm. 3 Inches in 10 Days—5 Inches in 15 Days are reports



★ CORSET MATERIAL

Specially woven, non-rubber floral designed peach shade Reducing Fabric. Washable, dependable and lasting.

★ INNER FASTENERS

Cute Fasteners which snap into place in a jiffy. Made to lie perfectly flat and prevent twisting or riding up.

★ CONTROLAX INSERT

A Controlax Insert on both sides is responsible for the continual massage-like action of The New Contour Corset.



★ CONTOFRONT

Reinforced wrap-over Controfront controls abdomen and diaphragm comfortably and also gives perfect flatness.

★ OUTER FASTENERS

Frontal-Draw, Rapid-Lock and Instant Slip Off Fasteners which ensure a sleek-lined wrinkle-free front.

★ NEW HIP CONTROL

New Method of Hip Treatment, exclusive to The New Contour Corset, eliminates bulge and gives unbroken lines.

SENT ON 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

A BLISSFUL SENSATION

How Thrilling it is to let your body surrender to the comfortable "feel" of this Gorgeous Garment! So kindly does it Reduce—So gently does it Support your figure—that you forget you have Hips, Thighs or an Abdomen. You are Always Relaxed—though firmly supported.

A DUAL-PURPOSE GARMENT

Being especially designed for your requirements—it Glamorously Flatters the most uncontrollable figure—achieving a Sleek, Smooth, Second-Skin Fit—Fashionably Styled for Smartness and Perfectly Suited for Action.

NO MONEY NEEDED

You do not have to buy a New Contour Corset to test its many virtues. SEND YOUR WAIST, HIPS and THIGH MEASUREMENT NOW—for We Want you TO WEAR one FOR 10 DAYS At Our Expense.

★ THOSE ABLE TO CALL ARE INVITED TO DO SO NEW CONTOUR CORSETRY

801 Dymock's Bldg., 428 George Street, Sydney



Stepping out with a Hollywood bachelor

By JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

THE lucky film actress who steps out with any one of Hollywood's seven party bachelors is certain of having a good time.

Gallant Cuban Cesar Romero always plans an evening down to the last detail.

His favorite haunt is a place in Los Angeles called La Bomba—where a Cuban band plays.

Cesar is treated somewhat like royalty at La Bomba. As soon as he arrives the manager rushes up, asks him what he would like the orchestra to play, and gives him the best table.

Cesar likes to finish up with supper and dancing at La Golondrina, a Mexican cafe in Los Angeles.

On the other hand, Cary Grant is the casual type—but great fun. Cary is likely to ring a girl up half an hour before he wants her to go out.

A few minutes later he'll turn up at the girl's place in his long racing car, expecting her to be ready.

Nine times out of ten he'll take her to the races—because Cary is a really keen punter who studies form.

Cary isn't keen about night-clubs. He'd rather have dinner at a friend's place—the Jon Halls, for instance.



PRINCETON graduate Lee Bowman favors the quiet dinner date at one of Hollywood's exclusive restaurants—it's usually the Bar of Music.

He always chooses a place where there is good food and good music, but no dancing. Except on the screen, Lee never dances.

If a girl wants to see Hollywood at its most glamorous she couldn't do better than have Jeffrey Lynn as her escort. When Jeffrey takes a girl out it's usually to Ciro's, the smartest place in town, in full evening dress, with special flowers (ordered beforehand) on their table.

A typical evening with Jimmy Stewart is different from one with Jeffrey Lynn. Jimmy will probably ring up one night and ask a girl to come over to his place for dinner.

When she says yes he'll jump into his car, pick her up, and take her to his home in Brentwood Heights, where another young couple are already waiting. He'll often have the Henry Fondas over.

ON such occasions

Jimmy always gets the dinner himself, for he is a good cook. Later on he'll suggest a game of ping-pong or cards (any game except bridge, which he loathes), or just sit around and talk.

Eddie Norris is a popular escort because he's so original. He may wind up a smart dinner and dance date with a flight in his plane to San Diego.

Last, but not least, on the list is Eddie Albert. A date with Eddie will probably be for an all-day Sunday outing aboard his yawl, The Mollie, with another couple.

Eddie will plan the excursion for weeks beforehand, then turn up late for his appointment.

On board he'll settle down to a day of deep-sea fishing, and is quite likely to forget about lunch altogether.

Then round about two o'clock he'll prepare a tasty meal. He insists on doing the washing-up himself.

These seven young men are considered "tops" among Hollywood's glamor girls. Which one would you choose as an escort?



Her teacher was wrong about Rita

• The glittering girl with the cat is Rita Johnson, one of the screen's most charming young actresses, and the recent bride of Stanley Kahn, a New York stockbroker. When Rita was a schoolgirl in Massachusetts, she tried hard to get into a school play. Her teacher told her to stick to her books, as she would never learn to be an actress. But Rita went to work as a waitress in her mother's tearooms and paid for dramatic lessons

with her earnings. She joined a repertory theatre, appeared on the New York stage, and accepted a contract with MGM, where she remained for four years. Her biggest role was as Edison's wife in "Edison the Man." She left MGM last year just after her marriage because she was dissatisfied with her roles. Paramount would like her to play O. Henry's wife in a biography of the writer entitled "The American Vagabond."



1 RELEASED CONVICT Earle (Humphrey Bogart), making for the Californian Sierras, is attracted by the simple Velma (Joan Leslie) and her honest family.



2 BUT criminal associates Babe (Curtis), Red (Kennedy), and unwanted dance-hall girl Marie (Ida Lupino) are awaiting him in mountain hide-out.



3 TORN between his hold-up plans and his desire for reformation, inspired by the beautiful mountain country and its people, Earle helps Velma's family and dreams of marrying her.



4 HEARING that Velma loves another and finer man, the brooding Earle realises that Marie, still in camp for his sake, is the only person really devoted to him.



5 HIS HAND forced by his city boss, Earle has to carry out the inn-robbery for which he came to the Sierras—although he still wishes to become a normal, respectable citizen.



6 TAKING the proceeds to his boss in Los Angeles, Earle finds the latter dead, and kills a double-crossing racketeer (Barton MacLane).

New girl in "High Sierra"

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

"HIGH SIERRA," Warners' drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, introduces to the screen pretty 16-year-old Joan Leslie, who has a promising career ahead of her.

In this film Joan plays the ingenue, a role of secondary importance to that of Ida Lupino, who is also in the cast.

For the versatile Ida has the type of role that has recently won for her such notable screen success. She plays a dance-hall girl who falls in love with the gangster, Humphrey Bogart.

"High Sierra" is a dramatic story which is set for the most part in California's mountain sierras. The influence of this country and its people has an unexpected effect on the character—and career—of its gangster hero.

But in "Carnival," her second film for Warners, Joan will have the romantic lead (again with Humphrey Bogart), replacing Ida

Lupino, who was previously named for the part.

Joan will also play opposite Gary Cooper, no less, in "Sergeant York," an adventure story dealing with an American hero of the last war.

"High Sierra" marks Bogart's first appearance as a star.

This film is that dramatization of the W. J. Burnett gangster story which last year caused Paul Muni to end his contract with Warners, after a profitable seven-year association.

This ex Emile Zola, Louis Pasteur, and Juarez flatly refused to play the "last of the Dillinger Gang"—the central figure of "High Sierra."

As neither star nor studio would yield an inch, Muni moved across to Twentieth Century-Fox, where he was immediately assigned to "Hudson's Bay."

Bogart was pleased to take the rejected role in "High Sierra"—and won by it a salary raise and star status.



7 POLICE hard on his heels, Earle sees Marie safe on east-bound bus, then flees back to the Sierras.

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"We don't allow for Shrinkage any more—"

is the latest bulletin from the shopping front—



"I've scored a scoop," writes Mary Bryant, fashion writer. "A nippy Autumn morning warned me it was time to find out what's been happening in the world of winter lingerie while you and I have been lazing in the summer sun."

"My first port of call was the lingerie department of a smart store. The Manageress is a friend of mine, and while I waited she showed a customer some deliciously soft and pretty vests. The shopper was enchanted. 'I'll take three of these,' she said. 'Small Women's, please.'"

"And that's where I spoke out of my turn. I'd advise you to take O.S. Madam, if you want to get into these vests after a couple of washings.' I chipped in, but she was completely undisturbed. 'Not these, my dear! I've bought this new type of wool and silk-and-wool undies abroad, and you can take my word for it, they simply can't shrink."

They Even Survived Shipboard Washing!

"WHY, they even survived shipboard washing... and you know what that means! We don't allow for shrinkage any more." "Well, if that wasn't calling me a back number! But I felt the tingling thrill that tells a newspaper woman when a big story has broken... for don't you agree that woollen undies which keep their shape and softness to the last are a story and a half?"

"Not for nothing am I nick-named 'Newsound,' and right then and there I set out to investigate personally, from sheep's back to shop counter. I visited the Australian factory where these amazing garments are made, talked to the clever men who are responsible for the miracle of delicate wool fabrics that firmly refuse to shrink!"

Wash Them How You Please!

"I've seen with my own eyes factory tests which subjected them to hours of boiling and pounding... the equivalent of years of hard wear and casual washing, treatment that reduced ordinary good quality woollens to mere strips of felt, but these new glamorous gossamer undies emerged soft and shapely."

"If, like me, you're interested in technical details, I can tell you that this new process is totally different from any used previously to reduce shrinkage in wool. Different in method... different in result. Because the agent is applied to dry wool it penetrates completely and evenly, so as to stop shrinking altogether, without in any way affecting the soft elastic texture. It is a British discovery made three years ago in the famous old town of Nottingham, and has already been welcomed enthusiastically by women in other countries."

"Now, under exclusive patent rights, it comes to Australia. The house of Kayser, always a leader, adds to its great reputation, by giving us the boon of K-Shrunk wool and silk-and-wool lingerie!"

There, the Secret's Out!

"THERE, the secret's out! Look for the K-Shrunk label when you buy your cold weather lingerie... it means double and treble life for woollens. Now they will wear out, not wash out, and comfort us to the end with perfect fit and caressingly soft texture!"

"These K-Shrunk undies are breathlessly beautiful. Look out for a fabric appropriately named 'Glowarm'... silvery herring-bone stripes of silk on a background of wool, pastel-toned, or featuring the dramatic, new 'high' colours, 'Radiance', a rich heart-of-rose, and 'Nublu', a glorious deep delphinium tone."

"'Glowarm' fashions slumber wear that is the ultimate in sophisticated flattery... nightgowns that rival your dance frocks for cut and elegant design... dashing pyjamas subtly

feminine despite their military swagger.

"It's no longer a contradiction when Fashion orders 'Be sleek!' while Sense whispers 'Be snug!' Warmees are the answer to both. Winter lingerie in the modern manner is a gossamer web of wool or down-soft cotton, tailored with precision, and it does more to give you that champagne glow of warmth and well-being than a sweater and a heavy top-coat combined."

"Picture yourself drifting bed-wards in a gracefully draped nightie of pastel tinted wool, soft as kitten's silhouette!"

ears, and cunningly trimmed with touches of wool lace... or perhaps intriguing hand-painted motifs! Or maybe you'll go all gallant in jaunty pyjamas with a high-necked jacket copied from a guardsman's tunic, while the girl who loves a sailor will certainly fall for the model with braided epaulettes like an admiral of the fleet. For day wear there's a marvellous choice of vests, scanties, briefs and bloomers, with long-sleeved spencers and slips for the specially chilly.

"All have this in common... they give warmth you feel but can't see. Kayser Warmees add not a fraction of bulk, and fit without a wrinkle... it's a secret between you and your

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No. 1114—"K-Shrunk" Cashmere Knickers, 5/11

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

COSY PYJAMAS

• Traced all ready for making up and working in winceyette or flannelette in a choice of colors.

THIS cosy pyjama suit for the small boy or girl can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for making up and working.

The garment is available in winceyette in pale blue, pink, or yellow or in flannelette in white, cream, or light mauve.

Sizes and prices are:
One to two years, 4/3.
Two to four years, 4/9. Plus 2d. postage.

Cottons for working are 2½d. a skein.

The pyjama suit is designed with long full sleeves gathered into a small wristband, long trouser legs cut full for freedom, and a small collar at neckline.

The back opening is finished with neat belted effect, two little rabbit motifs appear on the front, and there is a pocket for a handkerchief.

Paper pattern and transfer of this design also obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 1/-.



DESIGNED for the small boy or girl, this pyjama suit is obtainable in winceyette or flannelette. The front of the suit is traced with two little rabbits. Garment is also traced for making up.

GIRL'S FROCK

YOU can obtain the little frock shown at left from our Needlework Department traced for making up and working.

The material is linora in shades of cream, blue, pink, green, and lemon.

Sizes and prices are:
Four to six years, 2/9.
Six to eight years, 4/9. Plus 2d. postage.

Cottons for working the embroidery are 2½d. a skein.

The frock, which is cut on princess lines, fastens down the front with tiny buttons and features a small Peter Pan collar and puff sleeves trimmed with a fluted frill at the shoulder-joining. The floral motifs appear on the edge of the collar and at the hipline.

Paper pattern of this design is also obtainable for 1/- for those who would like to make the frock in their own material. No transfer available.



THIS dainty princess frock is traced for making up and working in cream or colored linora.



PLAY overalls for the young child, obtainable for making up and working in linora or winceyette. The geese motif, also shown at right, is traced on the bib ready for working.

PLAY OVERALL FOR THE TINY TOT

OVERALLS for children who are beginning to crawl or walk are a necessity.

The useful design shown above can be obtained from our Needlework Department all ready to be made up and worked with a cute geese motif.

The overalls are available in winceyette in cream, pink, blue, green, lemon, and mauve or in linora in cream, blue, pink, green, and lemon.

Sizes and prices are:

One to two years: Winceyette, 2/6; linora, 2/9.

Two to four years: Winceyette, 2/9; linora, 2/11. Plus 2d. postage.

Cottons for working, 2½d. a skein.

The overalls are made with long trousers to protect and keep the legs warm, and have a small bib in front with shoulder-straps that cross at the back. The front of the bib is stamped with the geese design, which should be worked in bright colors.

Paper pattern and transfer of this design are also obtainable for 1/-.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS! Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 489F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 985W, G.P.O. If calling, 170 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 113 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

Childrens Knitwear and fashions

March 15, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

PEASANT PINAFORE and blouse

● Charming new knitted that is trim and serviceable enough for playtime and pretty enough for important occasions.

A DYNAMIC little red pinafore is worn with a delicate white blouse, done in a dainty lacy stitch.

Materials Required: 6 skeins Sun-Glo Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138 (red). 4 skeins Sun-Glo Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white). 2 prs. needles Nos. 10 and 12. 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: JUMPER: Length from top of shoulder, 14ins.; chest, 28ins.; length of sleeve seam, 4ins. SKIRT: Length from waist, 15ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together, m, make; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over.

Tension: 13 sts. 2ins; 17 rows, 2ins.

SKIRT (2 pieces).

Using red wool and No. 10 needles cast on 147 sts. Work in st-st. for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of st.).

Next Row (right side of work):

P.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: P.

Work 16 rows st-st. Repeat from * once. Continue in st-st. and when work measures 14ins. work as follows:

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) 22 times (k 1, k 2 tog.) 19 times, k 2 (k 2 tog.) 22 times (84 sts.).

Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins. Cast off.

STRAPS (2)

Using No. 12 needles and red wool cast on 16 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 16ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, make lin. hem around lower edge. Sew straps on to back and fasten underneath waistband at front with press studs.

JUMPER—BACK

Using No. 12 needles and white wool cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row (wrong side of work): P 9, * p twice into next st., p 4. Repeat from * to end (99 sts.).

1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * m 1, k 3, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: K 3, * m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3. Repeat from * to end.

4th Row: P.

Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 9ins. shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. When armholes measure 5ins. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 11ins.

Next Row: Work 38 sts. (leave remaining 37 sts. on spare needle).



WENDY: An excitingly new knitwear design—this peppy pinafore and blouse style is the current craze for young things in America.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and w wool cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p twice into each of 1st 6 sts., * p 1, p twice into next st. Repeat from * to end (93 sts.).

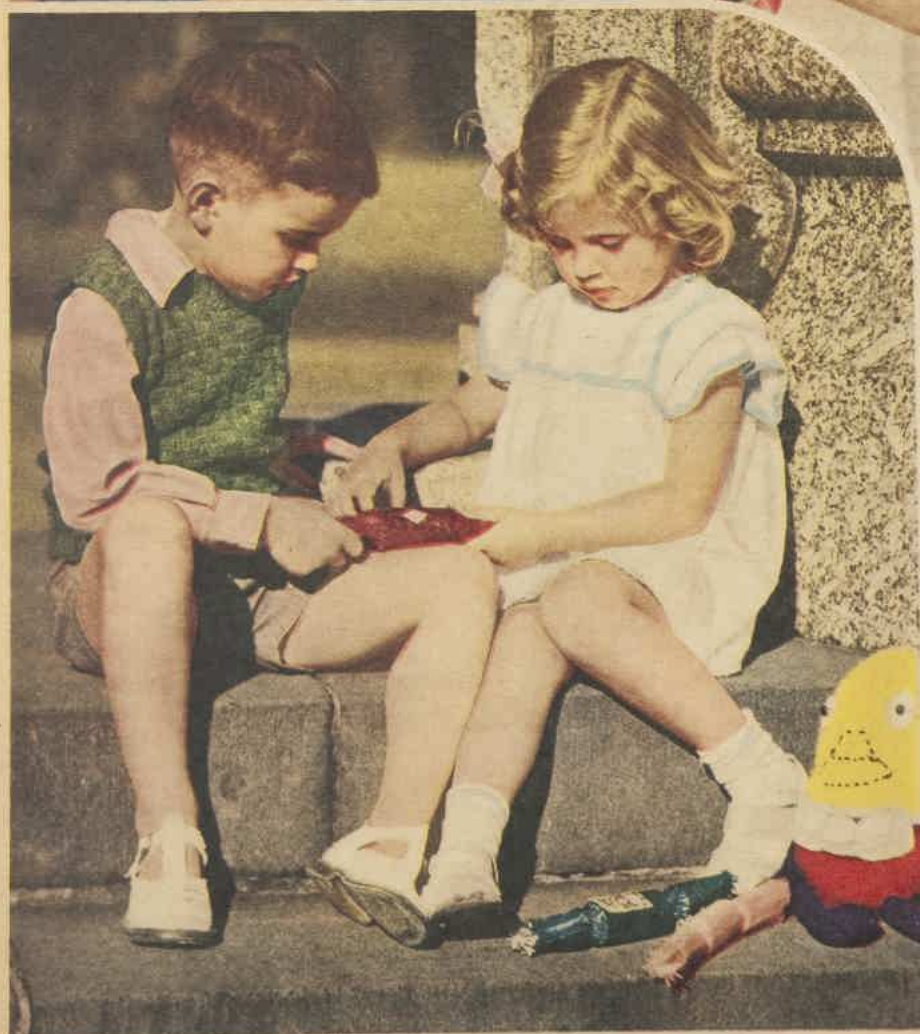
Work in lace pattern for 2ins., then k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 21 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Using

white wool, crochet around neck as follows: * 1 treble into 1st st., 1 picot, miss 1 st. Repeat from * to end. Using red wool, double crochet a chain 30ins. long. Make 2 pompons and sew on ends of chain. Thread chain around neck and tie in bow. Using white wool work 1 row of d.c. down front opening.

Charm for the YOUNG FRY



On this page

- **BARBARA.** (Above.) A patriotic little jumper done in white with red and blue stripes. Knitted in blissfully easy stocking-stitch and ribbing.
- **BABY JOAN.** (Above left.) Palest pink jacket to make cherubs more cherubic. The delicate, lacy stitch contrasts with plain yoke and sleeves.
- **TONY.** (Extreme left.) You will like the large basket-weave stitch used for this sleeveless pullover. Make it in bottle-green and team with fawn trousers.
- **JENIFER.** (Left.) Beguiling little frock for that important first party. Touches of pastel-blue enliven the white, and it is very easy to make.

On opposite page

- **HAROLD.** (Left.) Cosy, long-sleeved pullover in light grey, knitted in an effective block-stitch. Notice the snug-fitting collar buttoned high round the neck.
- **JULIE.** (Centre.) A festive frock for very young fashionables, combining easy-to-do stocking-stitch and moss-stitch. She will love the dainty puff sleeves.
- **BOBBIE.** (Right.) Sturdy, sleeveless pullover in dark grey with V-neck and cable-stitch panels. Knit bands of his school colors round neck and armholes.
- **BETTY.** (At top.) Long, slim-fitting pullover in the popular rib-stitch. Make it in heart-warming red with the electric contrast of a white yoke.

DIRECTIONS for knitting these garments are printed elsewhere in this knitting book.

Natural Color Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly.



PIQUANT JACKET . . . with pixie hood

MATERIALS: 4oz. of Nursery Viskyta knitting yarn 3-ply. 2 No. 10 and 2 No. 12 Viyella knitting needles. 9 buttons.

Measurements: Chest 21ins. (to fit loosely). Length, 10½ins. Sleeve, 7ins. (with cuff turned back 1 inch).

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, rep. repeat, in. inches, st. stitch, beg. beginning, sl. slip, tog. together, inc. increase.

Tension: 8 stitches to 1 inch.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 84 sts., and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in moss-st. as follows:

1st Row: * P 1, k 1, Rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, Rep. from * to end, Rep. these 2 rows 5 times. Continue in rib as follows:

13th Row: Sl. 1, k 1, * p 1, k 1, Rep. from * to end. Repeat this row 11 times. These 24 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 7in. finishing at end of a moss-st. stripe.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at both ends of every alternate row until 66 sts. remain. Continue in pattern without further shaping until work measures 9in., ending with a moss-st. stripe. Change to No. 12 needles and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ins.

To Shape Neck and Shoulders: **1st Row:** Rib 23, cast off 20, rib to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 6 sts., rib to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., rib to end, Rep. last 2 rows once. Cast off 7 sts. Rejoin wool to needle point.

1st Row: K 2 tog., rib to end.

● Even baby will goo with delight over this heart-melting little jacket with its quaint, snug-fitting hood.

2nd Row: Cast off 6 sts., rib to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Repeat last 2 rows once. Cast off 7 sts.

RIGHT-FRONT BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts., and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1 inch. In next 2 rows make a buttonhole thus:—

1st Row: Rib 4, cast off 4, rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib 4, cast on 4, rib 4.

Continue in rib, making 6 more buttonholes, 1½in. apart (measuring from beg. of previous buttonhole). After last buttonhole has been completed, work a further 1in. (9in. from lower edge). Leave these sts. on a spare needle until right front has been worked.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 38 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in pattern until work measures 7in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row, then k 2 tog. at this edge on every alternate row until 30 sts. remain. Continue in pattern without further shaping until work measures 9in., and 4th moss-st. stripe is completed, ending at front edge. Break off wool. Change to No. 12 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib across right-front band, then in k 1, p 1 rib across right front. Now continue in rib for 1in., making another buttonhole when it becomes due, and finishing at neck edge.

To Shape Neck: **1st Row:** Rib 18, cast off 2, rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib to last 14 sts., k 2 tog., turn.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., rib to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

To Shape Shoulders: **8th Row:** Cast off 7 sts., rib to last 14 sts., k 2 tog., turn.

9th Row: Rib to end.

10th Row: Cast off 7 sts., rib to last 12 sts., turn.

11th Row: Rib to end.

12th Row: Cast off 7 sts.

Placing remaining 12 sts. on a spare needle work left front to correspond, omitting buttonholes in front band.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles work in rib across 12 right front band sts., pick up and k 14 sts. along neck edge of right front, 44 sts. across back, then 14 sts. along neck edge of left front, and work in rib across left front band (96 sts.). Now work in rib on these sts. for 5 rows.

Next Row: Rib 4, cast off 4, rib to end.

Following Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 4 sts., rib 4. Work 1 row in rib. Then continue as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 24 sts., rib to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 24 sts., rib 5. K twice into each of next 36 sts., rib 6 (84 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and continue in pattern for 6 ins. Divide sts. equally on two needles, place needles together and cast off two sets of sts. tog., taking 1 st. from each needle every time.

FACE BAND

With No. 12 needles and right side of hood facing, pick up and k 120 sts. evenly round face and work 3in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.



BUNTY: A plus-ultra style for very young things . . . this beguiling, hooded jacket is warm as toast, and in a fascinating new stitch.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 40 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1in. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in pattern, commencing with rib instead of moss-st. and inc. 1 st. both ends of next and every following 6th row until 64 sts. are on needle.

Continue without further shaping until work measures 8 in. from lower edge, ending with a moss-st. stripe. **To Shape the Top:** Cast off 3 sts.

at beg. of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at beg. of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully under damp cloth with hot iron. Join side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew front bands in position. Sew 2 ends of face band to neck band. Turn back cuffs for 1in. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all seams.



GILLIAN: A dainty style with full skirt falling softly from the fitted lacy bodice. Threaded velvet ribbon disciplines the waistline.

MATERIALS Required: 7oz. Nursery Viyella or Nursery Viskyta knitting yarn, 3-ply; 2 No. 10 and 2 No. 12 Viyella knitting needles; 1 bone crochet hook, No. 12; 1½yd. narrow velvet ribbon; 5 small buttons.

Measurements: Length, 18in.; chest, 22in.; sleeve seams, 21in.

Tension: Using No. 10 needles, about 7½ sts. to one inch.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, m-st., moss-stitch; m. make; sl. slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; w. fwd., wool forward; w.r.n., wool round needle; rep. repeat; beg., beginning; in. inches.

To purl 2 tog. through back of stitches, point of needle is placed behind the 2 sts. and then through towards front, thus taking back loop of 2nd st. first and then back loop of first st.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 165

sts. and work in moss-stitch as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, Rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. this row for 1½in., then work patterned border thus:

1st Row: (k 1, p 1) 3 times, * k 3, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, Rep. from * to last 9 sts. k 3, (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

2nd Row: (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, * p 5, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, Rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: (k 1, p 1) twice, * k 7, p 1, k 1, p 1, Rep. from * to last 11 sts. k 7, (p 1, k 1) twice.

4th Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, * p 9, k 1, Rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

5th Row: K 1, p 1, k 3, * k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, Rep. from * to end of row, ending last rep. with k 3, p 1, k 1, instead of k 5.

6th Row: K 1, p 3, * p 2 tog., purling through back of sts., w.r.n., p 3, w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 3, Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Tonic for dreary winter days . . .

7th Row: K 3, * k 2 tog., m 1, k 5, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

8th Row: K 1, p 1, p 2 tog., purling through back of sts., * w.r.n., p 7, w.r.n., p 3 tog., Rep. from * to last 11 sts., w.r.n., p 7, w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 1, k 1.

9th Row: K 5, * k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, Rep. from * to end of row.

10th Row: Purl to end.

11th Row: K 3, * m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

12th Row: K 1, p 3, * w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 3, p 2 tog., purling through back of sts., w.r.n., p 3, Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

13th Row: K 5, * m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 5, Rep. from * to end of row.

14th Row: K 1, p 5, * m 1, p 3 tog., m 1, p 7, Rep. from * to end of row, ending last rep. with p 5, k 1, instead of p 7.

15th Row: K 2, p 1, * k 9, p 1, Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

16th Row: K 2, p 1, k 1, * p 7, k 1, p 1, k 1, Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

17th Row: K 2, p 1, k 1, p 1, * k 5 (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, Rep. from * to end of row, ending last rep. with k 1, instead of p 1.

18th Row: K 2 (p 1, k 1) twice, * p 3 (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, Rep. from * to end of row, ending last rep. with (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

19th Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, Rep. from * to end of row.

Now continue in m-st. until work measures 11½in. from lower edge, ending with a row on right side of work. Change to No. 12 needles and work 1 row in m-st.

Next Row: Dec. for waist thus: k 2 tog., p 1 (k 3 tog., p 1) 19 times, k 1, p 1, k 3 tog., p 1, k 1, p 1 (k 3 tog., p 1) 19 times, k 2 tog. (85 sts.).

Following Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, Rep. from * to end of row.

Change to No. 10 needles and make ribbon-holes thus:

Next Row: M-st. 3, * p 2 tog., w.r.n., m-st. 5, w.r.n., p 2 tog., k 1, Rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

Work 5 rows in m-st., then work patterned border, repeating 1st to 19th rows inclusive as given for lower edge of skirt once. Work 5 rows in m-st.

To Shape Armholes: Continuing in m-st., cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 65 sts. remain. Work 8 rows in m-st., thus ending with a row on right side of

work. Break off wool and slip sts. on to 2nd needle with point to left armhole edge. Now with right side of work facing, work patterned border, repeating 1st to 19th rows inclusive as given for lower edge of skirt once. Now continue in m-st. until work measures 17½in. from lower edge, ending with a row on wrong side of work.

To Shape Neck and Shoulder: **Next Row:** M-st. 25, cast off 15 sts., m-st. to end. Work in m-st. on last 25 sts., decreasing 1 st. at neck edge in each of next 8 rows, thus ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., m-st. to end.

Following Row: M-st. to end. Repeat these 2 rows once. Cast off remaining sts.

Rejoin wool at needle point to remaining sts. and work to correspond, working one extra row to armhole edge before commencing shoulder shaping.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for front until ribbon-holes are completed. Work one row after ribbon-holes. (85 sts.)

Now divide for back as follows: With right side of work facing, m-st. 43, turn, leave remaining 42 sts. on a spare needle and work on these 43 sts. thus:

1st Row: Cast on 2 sts. for over-wrap, m-st. to end of row.

2nd and 3rd Rows: M-st. to end. Now work patterned border, repeating 1st to 19th rows inclusive as given for lower edge of skirt once, then work 5 more rows in m-st., thus ending at side edge.

To Shape Armholes: Continuing in m-st., cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at side edge in every row until 35 sts. remain. Work 7 rows in m-st. Break off wool and slip sts. on to 2nd needle with point to armhole edge.

Now with right side of work facing, work patterned border, repeating from 1st to 19th rows inclusive for lower edge of skirt once. Continue in m-st. until work measures 18in. from lower edge, ending at opening edge.

To Shape Neck and Shoulder: **1st Row:** Cast off 12 sts., m-st. to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 6 sts., m-st. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: Cast off 2 sts., m-st. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows once. Cast off remaining sts. Rejoin wool to remaining 42 sts.

with point to opening edge, cast on 3 sts. for under-wrap then m-st. to end. (45 sts.). Work 3 rows in m-st., thus ending at opening edge, then rep. 1st to 19th rows inclusive as given for lower edge of skirt once. Work 4 rows in m-st. Shape armhole and complete this side of back as given for right side, working one extra row before commencing 2nd patterned border.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 47 sts. and work 1in. in m-st. Cast off in m-st. (This forms the sleeve-band).

With No. 10 needles cast on 65 sts. and work 1 inch in m-st.

To Shape Top: Continuing in m-st., dec. one st. at each end of every alternate row until 51 sts. remain. Work 2in. straight, then dec. one st. at each end of every alternate row until 19 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

With No. 10 needles cast on 11 sts. and work 6 rows in m-st.

7th Row: M-st. 10, turn.

8th Row: M-st. to end.

Next 6 Rows: Work in m-st. Repeat these last 8 rows until shortest edge measures 4½ins. from commencement. Cast off in m-st. Work a 2nd piece in same way.

TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully on wrong side, using warm iron over damp cloth. Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Using crochet hook work following picot edge along top and lower edges of sleeve bands: 1 single crochet into first st., * 3 ch., 1 double crochet into first of these chain, miss 1 st., 1 single crochet into next st. Rep. from * all round. Run a gathering thread round lower edge of sleeve, draw up to fit band and stitch gathered edge to band at back of picot edge, arranging most of fullness at top of sleeve. Insert sleeves into armholes, placing seams to side seams and arranging extra fullness at each side of shoulder seam. Work a row of picot edge along two short ends and longest edge of collars. Stitch unworried edges of collars to neck edge, from back opening edge to centre front. Work a row of double crochet along right-hand edge of opening, making 4 evenly-spaced chain button-loops. Stitch under-wrap into position at lower edge and sew buttons opposite button-loops. Work 1 row of picot edge all round lower edge of frock. Press all seams. Thread velvet ribbon through holes at waist.

ADORABLE SUIT . . . for toddlers

ANY small boy would gladly eat his spinach to possess the "Billy" model.

Materials Required: 6 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2163 (blue); 1 pair No. 10 needles; 1 crochet hook; 6 buttons.

Measurements: Jacket—Length from top of shoulder, 9½ in.; chest, 24 in.; length of sleeve seam, 9 in. Trousers—Front seam, 6 in.; back seam, 7 in.; width round widest part, 24 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, puri; st., stitch; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; beg., beginning; d.c., double crochet.

Tension: 7 sts., 1 in.; 9 rows, 1 in.

JACKET—BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 74 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 84 sts. When work measures 5 in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 4½ in. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k to end of row.

Next Row: P to last 4 sts., (k 1, p 1) twice.

Repeat last 2 rows, inc. 1 st. at side seam edge every 6th row until increased to 55 sts. When work measures 5 in. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off 12

sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 8 rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 18 sts. When armhole measures 4½ in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working shapings and border at opposite ends, and make buttonholes as follows:—1st one being 1½ in. from lower edge and 2nd 3½ in. above 1st.

Buttonholes.—1st Row: K to last 26 sts., cast off 3 sts., k 15, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work 5 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 15, cast on 3 sts., p to end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 44 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 56 sts. When work measures 9 in. k 2 tog. each end of every row until dec. to 14 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 96 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew 4 buttons on right front to match buttonholes.

TROUSERS—FRONT

Right Leg: Using No. 10 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.). Work in st-st. and inc. 1 st. at end of every 4th row twice. Work 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. at end of every 4th row until dec. to 42 sts.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: Cast off 6 sts., p to end.

3rd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Repeat 3rd row.

6th Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

Repeat 3rd row.

8th Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Repeat 3rd row.

10th Row: P 2 tog., p to end.

Repeat 7th, 8th and 9th rows.

Continue in st-st. and dec. 1 st.

at centre-front every 4th row until

dec. to 18 sts. Cast off.

Work left leg to correspond, working shapings at opposite ends.

BACK

Left Leg: Follow directions for front until dec. to 42 sts. Continue in st-st., dec. 1 st. at centre-front every 4th row until dec. to 38 sts.

Next Row: Work to last 8 sts., turn, sl. 1, p to end.

Next Row: Work to last 16 sts., turn, sl. 1, p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row: Work to last 24 sts., turn, sl. 1, p to end.

Next Row: Work to last 32 sts., turn, sl. 1, p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row: Work across all sts. Cast off.

Work right leg to correspond, working shaping at opposite end.

POCKET LININGS

Using No. 10 needles cast on 28 sts. Work in st-st. for 3½ in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Cast off.

STRAPS

Using No. 10 needles cast on 11 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows for 15 in. Cast off.

POCKET TOPS

With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k 34 sts. around curved edge of pocket shaping. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows. Cast off.



BILLY: An inspired little suit that is guaranteed to defy the snowiest weather, and fits as sleekly as another skin. Make it in a soft pastel-blue.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up front and back seams. Sew in pocket linings. Sew up side seams, leaving 2 in. opening at each

side at waist. Work 1 row of d.c. around waist and side openings. Sew buttons at each side of opening and crochet 2 lengths of chain to form buttonholes.



CHRIS: A plus-ultra sunsuit for tiny tots, warm enough to float chilly breezes and brief enough to allow young things to get their full quota of vitamin D from the sun.

For the smart young sun addict

EVEN through winter, every health-conscious baby takes a daily sunbath, and for this daily routine what could be sweeter than the enchanting "Chris" sun-suit?

Materials: 2 ozs. of Nursery Viskayla knitting yarn, 3-ply, in pink. 1 oz. of Nursery Viskayla knitting yarn, 3-ply, in green. 1 pair each of No. 11 and No. 13 knitting needles. 4 buttons.

Measurements: Top of bib to crotch 12 in. All round widest part 19 in.

Tension: 9 sts. to 1 inch. 12 rows to 1 inch unpressed.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, puri; tog., together; sts., stitches; sl., slip; rep., repeat; inc., increase; knit into front and back of sts.

N.B.: Work into back of all cast on stitches. When using the two colored yarns, always twist them round each other at ends of rows.

THE BIB

Using pink yarn cast on 46 sts. on No. 11 needles and k 8 rows in garter-st.

Commence Pattern: 1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 7, p 32, k 7.

3rd Row: K 7, join green yarn, * sl. 2 pink, k 2 green. Rep. from * to last 7 sts., join other oz. of pink, k 7 pink.

4th Row: K 7 pink, * k 2 green, bring yarn forward, sl. 2 pink, take yarn back. Rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 pink.

5th Row: K in pink.

6th Row: K 7, p 32, k 7 in pink.

7th Row: K 7 pink, * k 2 green, sl. 2 pink. Rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 pink.

8th Row: K 7 pink, * sl. 2 pink, yarn back, k 2 green, yarn forward. Rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 pink.

These 8 rows form the pattern. Rep. these 8 rows 7 times. Break off green yarn and 2nd oz. of pink yarn. Work 1st and 2nd rows once.

Sl. sts. on to a No. 13 needle, cast on 20 sts., and work these sts. in k 1, p 1 rib, then rib across bib sts., cast on 20 sts., and work these in k 1, p 1 rib, ribbing to end of row. (86 sts. on needle).

Work 10 more rows in ribbing, change to No. 11 needles, and work in pattern thus:

1st Row: K in pink.

2nd Row: P in pink. Join green yarn.

3rd Row: * K 2 green, sl. 2 pink. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 green.

4th Row: * K 2 green, yarn forward, sl. 2 pink, yarn back. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 green. Do not break green yarn.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows.

7th Row: * Sl. 2 pink, k 2 green, rep. from * to last 2 sts., sl. 2 pink.

8th Row: * Sl. 2 pink, yarn back, k 2 green, yarn forward, sl. 2 pink.

These 8 rows form pattern.

Rep. 8 pattern rows 6 times.

Then continuing in pattern, k 2 tog. at beginning and end of every row until 22 sts. remain.

Work 2 rows on 22 sts.

Continuing in pattern inc. 1 st. each end of every row until 86 sts. are on needle.

Work 8 pattern rows 7 times. Break green yarn and work 1st and 2nd rows.

Change to No. 13 needles and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 5 rows.

6th Row: Rib 4, cast off 3 sts. for a buttonhole, rib to last 7 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib 4.

7th Row: Rib 4, cast on 3 sts., rib to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 4.

Work 4 more rows in rib, cast off in rib.

THE STRAPS (2)

With No. 11 needles and pink yarn cast on 7 sts., and k in garter-st. for 92 rows.

Next Row: K 2, cast off 3, k 2.

Next Row: K 2, cast on 3, k 2.

K 4 more rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 3 tog., fasten off.

THE LEG BAND

With front of work facing you, pick up and k 62 sts. round leg.

K 8 rows. Cast off.

Work other leg the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side, being careful not to press ribbing. Sew up side seams, leaving ribbing and lin. of pattern free at top. Sew a button to each end of front ribbing to match buttonhole in back ribbing.

Sew a strap to each end of front of bib, and sew 2 buttons 2 in. apart in centre of back ribbing.

Straps are crossed and buttoned to these buttons when worn.

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the sunshine as under electric lights. 4. A wide choice of skin tones.

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POND'S FACE POWDER
New and Improved

JENIFER...for story-book charm

SEEMS incredible when you look at this stunning little frock to realise that it is very simple to knit and you'll really enjoy doing it on those long winter evenings.

Materials: 4oz. "Nursery Viyella" knitting yarn, 3-ply, in white; 1oz. "Nursery Viyella" knitting yarn, 3-ply, in blue; 1 pair each Nos. 8, 9, and 10 "Viyella" knitting needles; 1 Strainoid crochet hook, No. 11; 6 small buttons.

Measurements: Length, 16 inches; chest, 21 inches.

Tension: Using No. 8 needles, 1 complete chevron pattern measures about 3 ins. in width. Using No. 10 needles, about 8 sts. to lin. in moss-stitch.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, tog. together, st. stitch, rep. repeat, beg. beginning, dec. decrease, m.-st. moss-stitch, ins. inches.

● You will glow with pride when you see your baby daughter in the adorable "Jenifer" model. On page 28 of this knitting book you can see it photographed in natural color.

THE FRONT

Using No. 8 needles and blue yarn, cast on 155 sts. and work in m.-st. as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1. Rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. the 1st row 4 times.

Change to white yarn and p 1 row.

Now commence the chevron pattern as follows:—

1st Row: * K twice into the first st., k 8, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 7, k twice into next st. Rep. from * 6 times, k 1.

2nd Row: P to end.

These two rows form the pattern.

Continue in pattern until work measures 5 ins. from commencement, ending with a p row.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 4 ins. in pattern, ending with a p row (9 ins. from commencement).

Change to No. 10 needles and work 3 ins. in pattern, ending with a p row (12 ins. from commencement).

Now dec. for the waist thus:—

Next Row: * (K 2 tog.) 3 times, k 1 (k 2 tog.) twice, Rep. from * to the last st., k 1 (85 sts.).

Change to blue yarn and p 1 row. Using blue yarn work 5 rows in m.-st.

Change to white yarn and p 1 row. Using white yarn work 2 rows in m.-st.

Shape the Armholes as follows: Continuing in m.-st. cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next 4 rows (69 sts. remain). Now continue in m.-st. without shaping until work measures 15½ ins. from lower edge, ending with a row on wrong side of work.

Shape Neck and Shoulders as follows:—

Next Row: M.-st. 26, cast off 17 sts., m.-st. to end.

Work in m.-st. on last 26 sts., decreasing 1 st. at the neck edge in each of next 6 rows, thus ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., m.-st. to end.

Following Row: M.-st. to end.

Repeat these 2 rows twice.

Cast off 5 sts.

Rejoin wool at needle point and complete this side to correspond, working 1 extra row to armhole edge before commencing shoulder shaping.

THE NECK BAND

With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles and blue yarn, pick up and knit 41 sts. round neck edge.

Work 5 rows in m.-st.

Cast off in m.-st.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for front until armhole shapings are completed and 60 sts. remain.

Now continue in m.-st. without shaping until work measures 16 ins. from lower edge, ending with a row on wrong side of work.

Shape neck and shoulders as follows:—



GERALDINE: Four-to-five yearers try a little nautical enchantment—very patriotic, and very, very smart. Photographed in color on our cover this week.

60 sts. remain. Continue in st.-st. without shaping until work measures 6½ ins. from top of waist ribbing.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 7 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE COLLAR

With navy-blue wool and No. 9 needles cast on 36 sts. and work fin. in garter-st.

Next Row: Knit.

Following Row: K 5, p to last 5 sts. K 5. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 4½ in. ending on a p row.

Next Row: K 16, cast off 24, k to end. Continue on last set of sts. thus:—

1st Row: K 5, p to end.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., k to end. Repeat last 2 rows until 2 sts. remain. K 1 row. Cast off.

Rejoin wool at needle point. 1st Row: P to last 5 sts. K 5.

2nd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Repeat last 2 rows until 2 sts. remain. K 1 row. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

With navy-blue wool and No. 12 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in garter-st. for 1½ in.

Next Row: * K 3, increase in next st. Repeat from * to end (60 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and saxe-blue wool and continue in st.-st. for 2½ in.

To Shape Top: K 2 tog. at both ends of every row until 10 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully under damp cloth with hot iron. Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam, and placing centre top of sleeve ½ in. to front of shoulder seams. Sew front bands in position. Sew on collar. Thread cord through holes in front bands. Make a belt slit with cord at each side of waistline. Press all seams. If cord cannot be obtained, make a crochet chain.



JENIFER: A beguiling little frock which hangs in soft fullness from the yoke and features dainty frilled sleeves. We suggest you make it in snowy white with a filip of pastel-blue-bands.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., m.-st. 23, cast off 12 sts., m.-st. to end.

Work on the last 29 sts., thus:—

1st Row: Cast off 5 sts., m.-st. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts., m.-st. to end.

Repeat these 2 rows twice.

Cast off remaining sts.

Rejoin wool at needle point and work this side to correspond, commencing from 2nd row.

THE NECK BAND

Work as given for front neck band but pick up only 31 sts.

THE SLEEVE FRILLS

Using No. 8 needles and blue yarn, cast on 91 sts. and work 3 rows in m.-st.

4th Row: Cast off 10 sts., m.-st. to last 10 sts., cast off 10 sts.

Using white yarn, commence at needle point and work 8 rows in stocking-st., increasing 1 st. at each end of every alternate row. (79 sts.)

Next Row: K 2 tog. all along row to last st., k 1. (40 sts.)

Change to No. 10 needles and blue yarn, and p 1 row.

Work 3 rows in m.-st.

Change to No. 8 needles.

Change to white yarn and p 1 row.

Next Row: K twice into every st. all along row to last st., k 1. (79 sts.)

Now work 8 rows in stocking-st., decreasing 1 st. at each end of every alternate row. (71 sts. remain.)

Break off wool.

Next Row: Using blue yarn, cast on 10 sts. P to end of row, cast on 10 sts.

Work 3 rows in m.-st.

Cast off in m.-st.

TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully on wrong side using a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join side seams.

Using crochet-hook and white yarn, make 3 small button-loops on each front shoulder, then work 2 rows of double crochet along each back shoulder edge for under-wrap. Stitch under-wrap into position at armhole edge and sew buttons opposite button-loops.

Stitch blue m.-st. borders along curved edge of shoulder frills and place frills into position along armhole edge.

Each end should finish at last armhole decreasing. Stitch frills neatly along centre blue m.-st. band. Press all seams.



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All gifts are available at the following addresses:—

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PERTH Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay Street
HOBART 43 Elizabeth Street
LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street
NEWCASTLE Cnr. Tudor St. and Parkway Ave., Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts. This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT—Wartime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

THERE'S A WEALTH OF HEALTH
IN
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HEALTH FOODS

"BARBARA" striped sweater

EVEN if you're only an amateur you can knit this simple little sweater with ease. Try it in white with red and blue stripes.

Materials Required: 5 skeins Sun-Glo Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 1 skein Sun-Glo Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2101 (royal-blue); 1 skein Sun-Glo Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2129 (red); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 17in.; chest, 28in.; length of sleeve seam, 23in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w, white; r, red; r-b, royal-blue.

Tension: 13 sts., 2in.; 17 rows 2in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and w wool, cast on 90 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 24in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles. * Using w wool, work 12 rows st-st, change to r-b wool, work 2 rows st-st. Change to w wool, work 4 rows st-st, change to r wool, work 2 rows st-st. Repeat from * throughout, and when work measures 11in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 6in. shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armhole shaping is complete.

Next Row: Work 33 sts. (leave remaining 37 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., k into back of cast on sts., p to end of row.

Continue in st-st., keeping 4 cast on sts. in garter-st., and when armhole measures 4in. cast off 7 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 24 sts. When armhole measures 6in. shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, k to end of row. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P to last 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 2.

Continue in st-st., making 2 more buttonholes 1in. apart.

Shape neck and shoulder to correspond with other side.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and w wool, cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 3rd st. (80 sts.). Work 20 rows of pattern and when sleeve-seam measures 21in. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

● A clever new style that young things will love. On page 28 of this knitting book you will see it photographed in natural color.

LONG SLEEVES (If Required)

Using No. 12 needles and w wool, cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 24in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work 20 rows of pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 74 sts. When sleeve seam measures 16in. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

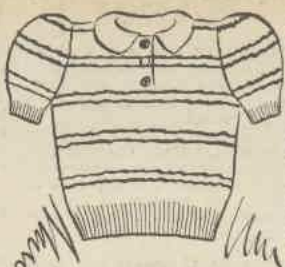
COLLAR

Using No. 12 needles and w wool, cast on 76 sts. K into back of sts. P 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. (95 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st-st. for 14in. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times, then every row 3 times. Cast off loosely. Make 1in. hem around collar.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Work 1 row of dc. down right side of front opening, sew buttons on left side of opening. Sew on collar.



BARBARA: Dainty design with youthful puff sleeves and Peter Pan collar. For color photograph see page 28.



BABY JOAN: A beguiling little lacy jacket which is photographed in pink on page 28 of this knitting book.

Baby "JOAN" matinee jacket

TURN back to page 28 and see this adorable little jacket photographed in natural color.

Materials: 4oz. Nursery Vivia knitting yarn, 3-ply, in pink; one pair of No. 10 knitting needles; 4 small pearl buttons.

Measurements: Length 11in., sleeve seam 7in., round underarms 21in.

Tension: Eight sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; tog., together; rep., repeat; cont., continue; beg., beginning; rem., remain; patt., pattern; st-st., stocking-stitch (i.e., 1st row, k; 2nd row, p; rep. these 2 rows).

The pattern which is used for the lower part of this coat is worked as follows:—

1st Row: * P 1, p 2 tog., without slipping the sts. off the needle, then k the same 2 sts. tog. but through the backs of the sts., p 2, k 2, p 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 2, k 1, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: * P 1, k 2, p 2, p 2 tog. without slipping them off the needle, k the same 2 sts. tog. through the backs of the sts., p 1, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: Repeat the 2nd row. These four rows form the patt.

THE BACK

Cast on 112 sts., k 6 rows plain then proceed in patt. as detailed under abbreviations. Patt. for a depth of 6in., ending with the 4th row of patt.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 2 tog., * k 1, k 2 tog., rep. from *, ending with k 1, k 2 tog. (74 sts.).

K 7 rows plain then work in st-st. Work 10 rows then shape armholes. K 2 tog. at the beg. and end of every row until 58 sts. rem., cont. on 58 sts. for 24in. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 70 sts., k 6 rows plain.

Next Row: K 6, patt. to end.

Next Row: Patt. till 6 rem., k 6. Cont. in patt. with the 6 front edge sts. in plain knitting till work measures 6in., ending with the 4th row of pattern.

Next Row: K 6, * p 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * ending with k 1 (50 sts.). K 3 rows plain.

Next Row: K 4, wool forward, k 2 tog. k to end. (Each of the 3 successive buttonholes is worked in this way every following 12th row—instructions for buttonholes will not be repeated.) K 3 more rows plain.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: P till 6 rem., k 6. Rep. these 2 rows. Work 7 more rows, then shape armhole.

Next Row: (wrong side towards you): K 2 tog., p till 6 rem., k 6.

Next Row: K. Rep. these 2 rows till 37 sts. rem. Cont. on 37 sts. till one row has been worked after the 4th buttonhole, then shape neck.

Next Row: (right side towards you): Cast off 10, k to end.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: Cast off 4, k to end.

Next Row: P. Rep. the last 2 rows once.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: P. Rep. the last 2 rows twice. Cont. on the rem. sts. till armhole is 5in. longer than the back. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 70 sts., k 6 rows plain.

Next Row: Patt. till 6 rem., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, patt. to end. Cont. to work as for the right front, omitting buttonholes and with all shapings reversed.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 35 sts., K 6 rows plain. Now cont. with st-st. and inc. at the beg. and end of the 8th row and every following 4th row till sts. are inc. to 59. Cont. on 59 sts. till sleeve measures 7in. or the length desired to underarm, then shape top. K 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row till 35 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 14 sts., k plain for a depth of 9in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with warm iron. Sew all seams and sew in sleeves. Sew on collar, beg. and ending 3 sts. in from front edges. Sew buttons to left front.

"TONY" ... pullover

THIS smart, sleeveless style is photographed in natural on page 28 of this knitting book.

Materials Required: 5 skeins Sun-Glo Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 305 (green); 1 pair No. 10 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 14in.; chest, 24/26in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 13 sts., 2in.; 17 rows, 2in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 24in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, increasing 1 st.

1st Row: * K 2, p 7, k 1. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, * p 1, k 7, p 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.

4th Row: P.

5th Row: P 4, * k 3, p 7. Repeat from * to last 7 sts., k 3, p 4.

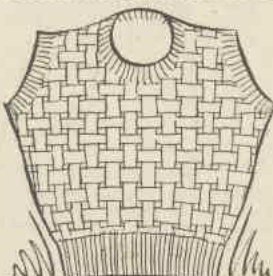
6th Row: K 4, * p 3, k 7. Repeat from * to last 7 sts., p 3, k 4.

7th Row: Repeat 5th row.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 21ins.

Next Row: Work 27 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 7 sts., work 27 sts. Continue on last 27 sts. and



TONY: Small boys who despise "winter woolies" will appreciate this manly, sleeveless pullover.

8th Row: P.

Repeat last 8 rows, and when work measures 9ins. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armholes measure 5ins. shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off.

A break-down nearly caused a break-up
—but look at 'em now!



I RANG THE GARAGE. THEY'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR.



WELL, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO SIT AND TALK ALL THAT TIME — YOU'RE MISTAKEN...

YES, SIS, THE ENGAGEMENT'S OFF. IF SHE COULDN'T STAND MY COMPANY FOR AN HOUR, HOW COULD SHE SPEND HER WHOLE LIFE WITH ME?



LISTEN, DICK. DON'T CARES FOR YOU, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT A GIRL TO PUT UP WITH...B.O.

WELL...WHAT A NERVE! EVEN IF SHE IS MY SISTER SHE CAN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT!



ALL THE SAME, THERE'S NO SENSE IN TAKING CHANCES. AND GOSH, LIFEBOUY CERTAINLY MAKES ME FEEL FRESH!



"B.O." GONE... HAPPINESS AHEAD



HAS MY FUTURE HUSBAND ANY FADS?

YES, DARLING, I LIKE MY STEAK UNDERDONE — AND I INSIST ON LIFEBOUY IN THE BATHROOM

In this weather especially it's mighty important to watch you don't offend with "B.O." Only one soap will protect you from this old trouble-maker. You need Lifebuoy's rich, refreshing lather . . . Lifebuoy's mild health ingredient, found in no other toilet soap. Get Lifebuoy to-day—a big, generous tablet for your money!

LIFEBOUY its clean fragrance vanishes
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A Piece to be proud of ...Treat it kindly!

When time has added beauty and value to your silver, how glad you'll be that you treated it with kindness! Silver responds to kindness with a gift of rare loveliness — a natural lustre, soft and rich, with which no other surface can compare. Treat your silver kindly, clean it with gentle Silvo. . . . Silvo coaxes silver round and makes it smile at you.



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WILL
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Put your faith in Germolene to heal and banish YOUR skin complaint. YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED! Germolene will heal it clean and not a mark or scar will remain to show that you have suffered.

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GERMOLENE soothes instantly! The moment it is applied irritation ceases... throbbing pain dies away... 'burning' and smarting are ended! THEN the wonderful new healing 'magic' begins to work! Pimples, spots, and blotches are cleared away rapidly! 24 hours will show an amazing difference. Skin diseases which have persisted for years, shocking rashes which had spread all over the body, deep open wounds, poisoned, inflamed swollen places, Ulcers which had defied all other treatments... all these have been wiped away, healed

soundly and firmly to the unbounded gratitude and delight of despairing sufferers!

And YOU need not continue to suffer! Whatever your skin complaint... try Germolene NOW... this very day, this very minute if you can!

Germolene WILL heal it CLEAN... remember that and ACT UPON IT! Then you can say goodbye to your skin trouble and be freed from the unsightliness, embarrassment, distress and pain and danger IN RECORD TIME!

Prices 1/7 & 3/8

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Agents:—Harold F. Ritchie (Australia) (Pty.) Ltd., 350/354, William Street, Melbourne.

"HAROLD" PULLOVER

MATERIALS Required: 5 skeins Sun-Glo shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 347 (grey); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15ins. Chest 24-26ins. Length of sleeve seam, 12ins.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch. Tog, together.

Tension: 13 sts. 2ins, 17 rows 2ins.

BACK
Using No. 12 needles cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 24ins. (working 1st row into back of st.). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: P 3, * k 2, p 2, k 2, p 2. Repeat from * to last 9 sts, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 2.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 2. Repeat from * to last 9 sts, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 2.

3rd Row: K 3, * k 2, p 2, k 2, p 2. Repeat from * to last 9 sts, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 2.

4th Row: P 3, * p 2, k 2, p 2. Repeat from * to last 9 sts, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 2.

5th Row: Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 9ins. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 4 rows, then every second row 4 times. When armholes measure 5ins. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT
Work same as for back up to armholes.

NECKBAND
Work 8 rows st-st, decreasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 3 times.

Next Row: K 4 (m 1, k 2 tog., k 3) 14 times, m 1, k 2 tog., k 2 (leave remaining sts. on spare needle, turn, k 1, p to end.

Work 8 rows st-st, keeping 1 st. at centre front in garter-st.

Repeat last row of eyelet holes.

Next Row: Cast off 12 sts. at neck edge, p to end of row.

Work 2 rows st-st, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each row.

Next Row: K 4, * k 3 tog., repeat from * to end. (24 sts.)

P 1 row. Change to No. 14 needles and work in m-st. for 1in. Shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

BACK
Work same as for front until work measures 15in. Shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 2, * m 1, k 2 tog., k 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts, m 1, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P.

Work 6 rows st-st, decreasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 3 times.

Next Row: K 1, * m 1, k 2 tog., k 3, repeat from * to last 2 sts, m 1, k 2 tog.

P 1 row. Work 8 rows st-st. Repeat last row of eyelet holes. Work 3 rows st-st, commencing and ending with a p row.

FRONT
Work same as for back up to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, moss-st, 38 (leave remaining 49 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 5 sts, work in moss-st. to end of row.

Continue in m-st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts, work to end of row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then every second row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 6ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, work 41 sts. (leave remaining 39 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 6 sts, p into back of cast on sts, work in pattern to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work to last 6 sts, k 6.

Next Row: P 1, cast off 3 sts, p 4, cast off 3 sts, work to last 2 sts, k 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work to last 5 sts, cast on 3 sts, k 2, p 2, cast on 3 sts, p 1.

Next Row: P 6, work to last 2 sts, k 2 tog.

Continue in pattern, keeping 6 cast on sts. in st-st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Make 2 more buttonholes 1in. apart. When armhole measures 3ins. cast off 12 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 5ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, cast on 6 sts, k into back of cast on sts, work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, work to last 6 sts, k 6.

Continue in pattern, keeping 6 cast on sts. in garter-st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3ins. cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, work to last 6 sts, k 6.

Continue in pattern, keeping 6 cast on sts. in garter-st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3ins. cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole

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Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, work to last 6 sts, k 6.

Continue in pattern, keeping 6 cast on sts. in garter-st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3ins. cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, work to last 6 sts, k 6.

Continue in pattern, keeping 6 cast on sts. in garter-st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3ins. cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, work to last 6 sts, k 6.

Continue in pattern, keeping 6 cast on sts. in garter-st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3ins. cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole

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HAROLD: This cosy, long-sleeved jumper is photographed in natural color on page 29 of this knitting book.

measures 5ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Stitch back facing on left side, stitching buttonholes together.

SLEEVES
Using No. 12 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 24ins. (working 1st row into back of st.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 66 sts. When sleeve seam measures 13ins. k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 16 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR
Using No. 12 needles cast on loosely 118 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 2 rows, decreasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until collar measures 3 1/2ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collar. Sew buttons on right side of front opening.

"Julie" party frock

Work 8 rows st-st, decreasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 3 times.

Next Row: K 4 (m 1, k 2 tog., k 3) 14 times, m 1, k 2 tog., k 2 (leave remaining sts. on spare needle, turn, k 1, p to end.

Work 8 rows st-st, keeping 1 st. at centre front in garter-st.

Repeat last row of eyelet holes.

Next Row: Cast off 12 sts. at neck edge, p to end of row.

Work 2 rows st-st, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each row.

Next Row: K 4, * k 3 tog., repeat from * to end. (24 sts.)

P 1 row. Change to No. 14 needles and work in m-st. for 1in. Shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

BACK
Work same as for front until work measures 15in. Shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 2, * m 1, k 2 tog., k 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts, m 1, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P.

Work 6 rows st-st, decreasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 3 times.

Next Row: K 1, * m 1, k 2 tog., k 3, repeat from * to last 2 sts, m 1, k 2 tog.

P 1 row. Work 8 rows st-st. Repeat last row of eyelet holes. Work 3 rows st-st, commencing and ending with a p row.

Fashion PATTERNS



F1942



F1939



F2085



F1218



F2086



F2555



F531

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



1



3

THREE enchanting styles for small girls.
Sizes: 1-2, 2-4, 4-6 years.
No. 1.—Requires: 1½yds. 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast.
No. 2.—Requires: 1½yds. for jacket, and ½yd. for skirt. 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires: 1½yds. 36ins. wide.

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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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F3185.—Boyish, tailored shirt toping slim slacks. 12 to 18 years. Requires: 2½yds. for shirt and 2½yds. for slacks, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1939.—The impeccably smart swagger coat with perked-out shoulder-line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2085.—Full-skirted frock with contrast boxy jacket. An ideal style for mothers-to-be. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds. for frock and 2½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1942.—Dainty nightie with soft fullness shirred into the waist. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1218.—Sturdy overalls and blouse for young things 4 to 10 years. Requires: 1½yds. for overalls and 1½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F2086.—Attractive, button-down-the-front frock with contrasting collar, pockets and bolero. 2 to 8 years. Requires: 1½yds. plain and ½yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2555.—Comfy and well-fitting pyjama suit for girls 8 to 14 years. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F531.—Snug and smartly-tailored dressing-gown for tiny tots 2 to 8 years. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE!

F3185

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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Klipper Botany 2/6
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PAT shook her head, smiling: "It's sweet of you, but I really can't give up this expedition. Why, father's been promising it to me for years!"

"You sound as if it were a pearl necklace or a trip to Paris—" "It's better than either," Pat smiled. "Just think—we sail tomorrow morning at the turn of the tide. Weighing anchor—for the other side of the world! Her eyes were dreamy. "It's too unbelievable."

"It certainly is," her great-aunt agreed grimly.

As they drank coffee in the drawing-room, she made one last effort. "Patricia, have you thought about marriage?"

Pat said rather bitterly: "I haven't seen a very inspiring example of it, Aunt Adelaide." "Oh," Mrs. Forrester waved a fat hand, "your parents were idiots, both of them. You're not, and you're very pretty, or you would be if you cared anything about your looks. You ought to be meeting some men—"

"Darling," said Pat, "there are four men on this trip besides father and the crew. There's Captain Matson—he's a very nice man—and Dr. Luce, and Mr. Jameson, who takes photographs—"

"Those creatures aren't men, they're microscopes! Now if your father had taken Richard Harmon along—"

Pat stiffened. "Richard Harmon deserted the last expedition in the middle of Brazil. I don't want to hear anything about him."

Mrs. Forrester looked at her steadily. "You used to like him," she observed.

"I hardly knew him," Pat protested. "Oh, Father saw him that spring, two years ago, and it was my holiday, so I—I—" To her annoyance, she found that she was blushing. "He was about, and naturally I couldn't help seeing him."

"And didn't you think he was charming?"

Pat bit her lip remembering her last meeting with Richard Harmon. He had come one summer's day to see her, arriving unexpectedly a few days after her father's letter which told her that Richard had left the expedition.

"It wasn't as if there had been any friction or difficulty," he wrote. "He simply cleared out. I suppose that's what happens when you take a rich man along—he has no sense

of morale and if he gets bored he walks off and lets the expedition down."

"That 'letting the expedition down' was the one unforgivable thing, and when Richard had broken the news to her—in Aunt Adelaide's garden, curiously enough—she told him so. Even now she could hear her own voice, angry but low and controlled.

"It was dreadful of you to walk out on Father like that," she said. "Why did you, Richard?"

"I wish I could tell you why, but I can't. But will you believe me when I say that it was unavoidable?"

"I'm afraid not," she said coldly. Then Richard said slowly, "So that's how it is."

And she had said: "Yes, that's how it is."

For a moment she thought he was going to say something more, but he only looked at her, his eyes blazing in his tanned face, and then without another word he turned and walked out of the garden. That was the last time she had seen him.

"Patricia!" Mrs. Forrester's voice was stern. "Do you know why Richard Harmon left your father's expedition in Brazil?"

Pat got up. Her heart was beating fast, but she spoke lightly. "No, Aunt Adelaide, and I don't really care. And I'm afraid I ought to be going now. I'm meeting Father at the Ritz in fifteen minutes."

"Oh, go along then," said Mrs. Forrester gloomily. But looking up at the small figure, she brightened. "Anyway, that's a pretty hat. Though I don't see what good it will do you in Fiji, except to attract head-hunters."

"I'm the head-hunter, darling. Shall I send you a nice skull?" Mrs. Forrester shrieked, and Pat escaped, laughing.

Pat thought over the conversation as she sat in the hotel lounge waiting for her father. Then suddenly—"Well," said a masculine voice above her. "It isn't—it can't possibly be—but it is!"

Pat jumped, then stiffened. "So we meet again," Richard Harmon said cheerfully. "I just ran into your father at his club, and he told me he was going to be late. He

Dear Enemy

Continued from page 6

asked me to come along and take care of you."

"He asked you?" The vehemence of her tone surprised her. "You mean you thought he hated me as much as you did once," said Richard Harmon. "Well, he doesn't. And," he added in another tone, "how about you, Pat?"

He was still standing beside her chair, and she looked up at him.

He said gravely: "It's quite true, you know—your father did send me. You can ring him up if you like. Why don't you do it now? I think we'd better do something, because, after all, this is civilisation and people aren't used to seeing two personable and presumably sane young people glaring at each other in the lounge of an hotel."

She got up quickly, hot color flooding her face. "Where . . ."

He did not answer, but his hand under her arm propelled her gently but firmly across the hall. "The inner room is much nicer," he said.

Setting her at a table, he ordered cocktails.

"I CONSIDER you need a Martini," he said. "And I hope you're taking some whisky on the Aloe. It's good for fever, mosquitoes, ticks, seasickness, heart-break . . ."

He broke off suddenly as their drinks came, and he was silent until the waiter had gone. "Pat," his voice changed, "let's not fence any more. Your father has forgiven me, and even if you can't, let's forget the past. Let's drink to the future, and your trip to the other side of the world. Shall we?"

Meeting his eyes, she felt a queer tightness in her throat. She nodded silently, and touched her glass to his.

"Pat," he said impulsively, "won't you have dinner with me, and perhaps go somewhere to dance, and let me drive you down to the Aloe four or five hours from now?"

"But," she hesitated, "what about Father?"

"I'll telephone—I know where to reach him—and say that I'll put you on the Aloe about midnight. He won't mind. After all, you're going away for nearly two years . . ."

Please turn to page 40

"BOBBY"—SLEEVELESS PULLOVER

ON page 29 of this knitting book you will see this smart, sleeveless pullover photographed in natural color. Young boys will appreciate its trim lines for school or play.

Materials: 5oz. of Nursery Viyella knitting yarn, 4-ply, in grey; 1oz. of Viyella Super, 4-ply, in red; 1oz. of Viyella Super, in blue; 2 No. 9 and 2 No. 12 knitting needles; 1 short needle pointed both ends.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 18in.; chest, 27in.; sleeve seam, 14in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; P, purl; in., inches; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase; dec., decrease; beg., beginning; rep., repeat.

"Cable," slip 4 sts. to back of work, k 4, k 4, from back.

Tension: On No. 9 needles, 7 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles and grey wool cast on 98 sts. and work 21in. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row: * (Inc. in next st.) 3 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, (inc. in next st.) 5 times. Rep. from *, end last rep. with 3 instead of 5 times.

2nd Row: * (P 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2, p 8, k 2, (p 2 tog.) 5 times. Rep. from *, end last rep. with 3 instead of 5 times.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

5th Row: * (Inc. in next st.) 3 times, p 2 'cable', p 2, (inc. in next st.) 5 times. Rep. from *, end last rep. with 3 instead of 5 times.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th and 8th Rows: As 1st and 2nd rows.

These 8 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 11in. from lower edge. (Nine complete patterns.) Divide for neck and shape armhole as follows: (N.B.—When dec. or counting sts. on a 1st, 3rd, 5th or 7th pattern row, always regard double st. as 1 st.)

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., pattern 43, turn, leave remaining 49 sts. on a spare needle.

Keeping pattern correct work on the first set of sts. for left side of front as follows:

1st Row: P 4, work 2 tog., pattern to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., pattern to last 4 sts., k 4. Rep. these last 2 rows 4 times. This completes armhole shaping. Now continue to dec. at the neck edge, inside 4 edge sts. (which are in st-st.) in every alternate row until 24 sts. remain, then dec. at same edge in every 4th row until 20 sts. remain.

Next Row: * K into front and back of first 3 sts., p 2, slip next 4 sts. on to a spare needle, and leave to hang at back of work. K next 4 sts., then k 4 sts. from spare needle, k 2. Now continue in pat-



BOBBY: A good-looking pullover with V-neck and effective cable-stitch panels.

tern, still dec. 1 st. at the neck edge inside 4 st-st. sts. until 16 sts. remain.

To Shape Shoulders.—1st Row: Cast off 5 sts., pattern to end.

2nd Row: Pattern to end.

Rep. these 2 rows once. Cast off remaining sts. Commencing at front edge work on remaining 49 sts. for right front as follows:

1st Row: Pattern to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 5, pattern to end.

3rd Row: K 4, work 2 tog., pattern to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: P 2 tog., pattern to last 4 sts., p 4.

Rep. last 2 rows 4 times. This completes armhole shaping. Now complete this side of front to match left side.

THE BACK

Work as given for front until work measures 11in.

To Shape Armhole.—Keeping pattern correct, cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 68 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 15in. from lower edge, ending with a row on wrong side.

To Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining 36 sts.

NECK BORDER

With No. 12 needles and red wool cast on 175 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib, dec. 1 st. each end of every row, working in stripes as follows:

1st Row: Work in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to blue wool, work 2 rows. Change to grey wool and work 2 rows. Change to blue wool and work 2 rows. Change to red wool and work 2 rows. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVE BORDERS

With No. 12 needles cast on 116 sts. and work in stripes as given for neck, border, omitting decreasing.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece carefully under damp cloth with hot iron. Join side and shoulder seams. Stitch neck border into neck opening, taking care not to stretch back of neck. Insert sleeve borders into armholes with join at side seam. Press all seams.

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THIS IS WAR—any war, any place, any time

Hemingway lived
it in Spain

"For Whom the Bell Tolls," Ernest Hemingway's much-talked-of book about four days in the Spanish War, has made history in America.

More than 500,000 copies of the book have been sold, the first edition of 200,000 being the largest first edition in the history of publishing.

THE battle between three film companies for the film rights of the book is said to have been even more intense than the fight for "Gone With the Wind," and the price paid for it—£37,000—is the highest ever paid for film rights of a book.

For the first time, a film company has asked literary critics to co-operate in choice of a cast for the film.

More than 150 leading critics are to be asked to nominate a cast, and no players will be chosen until these nominations have been considered.

Many prophets say Hemingway's friend, Gary Cooper, who played the lead in the film version of Hemingway's earlier book, "Farewell to Arms," will take the leading role in this new film.

Hundreds of critics in America and England have hailed "For Whom the Bell Tolls" as a great book that will guarantee Hemingway a permanent place in literature.

Only one or two have criticised it adversely.

One of them—William Lyon Phelps—said he "felt like an agnostic at a religious camp meeting" for daring to sound a critical note among the hymns of praise.

In the midst of all this excitement the author himself has married for the third time and gone off to record another war. He is now touring countries in the Western Pacific with his wife, Martha Gellhorn, both of them as special correspondents.

Ernest Hemingway dedicated "For Whom the Bell Tolls" to Martha Gellhorn, whom he met when they were both covering the Spanish Civil War.

Whether "The Bell," as the American critics abbreviate it, will be literature to posterity or not, it must create a deep impression on this war-stricken generation.

Hemingway takes the title of his book from the poet John Donne: "... any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee."

It is a moving, devastating statement of the truth of any war, in any place, at any time; of the worst and the best in men revealed under pressure of fear, cruelty or courage; of the fortitude and bravery of women and what happens to their hearts when their men say "Don't worry. I will be back."

Robert Jordan, an American lecturer in Spanish, is spending his vacation in Spain, fighting for the republican army.

He is sent to blow up a bridge to aid a new offensive, and meets in the mountains the small band of guerrilla fighters who are to assist him.



ERNEST HEMINGWAY, with his wife, Martha Gellhorn, on a hunting expedition. They met in Spain, where both of them were special correspondents during the civil war.

Pablo, an outstanding ruthless leader at the beginning of the war, has become unrepentable through fear and failure. Pilar, the middle-aged gipsy woman he lives with, constitutes herself leader.

Pilar, big, courageous, coarse-tongued as a man, can describe with meticulous and horrifying detail the atrocities wrought by republicans on fascists in the early days of the war, yet retains enough gentleness and motherliness to rescue Maria, the "cropped head," whom the fascists humiliated by shaving off her hair, then assaulting and ill-treating her.

There is Agustín, Don-hearted, foul-mouthed; the two quiet brothers, Fernand and Andres; Rafael, the gay, lovable, unrepentable gipsy. But most memorable of all the men in the little band of fighters is Anselmo, the aged hunter who feels pride and triumph in hunting and killing animals, but cannot kill a fellow man unless he is ordered to do so.

Anselmo says: "Let the fascists have God. God would never have permitted what he had seen."

"Clearly I miss Him, having been brought up in religion."

But on the eve of their little battle for the bridge, Anselmo, who is to die, having carried out his orders perfectly, prays to the God he missed:

"Help me, O Lord, to-morrow to comport myself as a man should in his last hours. Help me, O Lord, to understand clearly the needs of the day. Help me, O Lord, to dominate the movements of my legs that I should not run when the bad moment comes. Help me, O Lord, to comport myself as a man to-morrow in the day of battle."

In this harsh story of destruction, fear and the menace of death the tender love story of Robert Jordan and Maria is tragically beautiful.

In four days they live a lifetime

of happiness. Their make-believe life after they are married, told to each other on the night before they are to part, gives an illusion of timelessness.

"There is no such thing as a shortness of time," Robert Jordan reflects. "I have been all my life in these hills since I have been here. Anselmo is my oldest friend. . . Agustín, with his vile mouth, is my brother, and I never had a brother."

"Maria is my true love and my wife. I never had a true love. I never had a wife. She is also my sister, and I never had a sister, and my daughter, and I never will have a daughter. I hate to leave a thing that is so good."

"We have had much good fortune," Maria says, believing they will meet again after "the bridge."

Breathless speed

"We are people of much luck," Robert Jordan agrees, convinced they will not meet again.

The actual firing of the bridge is superb, factual, photographic reporting, breathless in its speed.

The figures and the features of the landscape are placed as clearly and definitely as miniature toys in a nursery battleground, or as a scene looked at through powerful field glasses.

The sentries at each end of the bridge, moving in front of their little braziers to keep warm, then dead in the dust; Robert Jordan packing explosive under the bridge arch, cursing himself to keep his brain calm and his fingers deft; old Anselmo on the bridge above handing over the packages of explosive, horror locked firmly inside him, then dead by the side of the road, the wire that set off the explosive still wound round his hand; Pilar commanding the road behind a tree with a gun in her hand;

Agustín beside the camouflaged machine-gun; Fernandez, pain shut in behind his closed eyes and tight mouth, asking them to put his own gun beside him and to leave him—"I am quite comfortable here."

And Maria, alone with the hobbled horses, listening to the firing, not knowing if Robert Jordan is safe, and praying:

"O God, I do not know. I cannot bear it. Oh, please have him be all right, for all my heart and all of me is at the bridge. But, O Sweet Blessed Virgin, bring him back to me from the bridge and I will do anything thou sayest ever. Because I am not here. There isn't any me. I am only with him."—A.S.S.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls," by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner).

HOSIERY WEEK!

COMMENCES 9 a.m. FRIDAY

MARCH the 14th!

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7/11 Full Fash. Pure Silk
GENUINE CREPE

4/6

W16GA: Crepe stockings are scarce so stock up now! "Mediums." Fine sheers in Shuttle (beige), Blossom (suntan), Autumn Glow (burnt tan), Theme (grey beige) shades. Sizes, 6 1/2 to 10 1/2, 4/6.

6/11 Perfect 4-thread Sheer
PURE SILK HOSE

4/9

W13GA: Daytime sheers, super-fine lisle welt to eliminate spider runs. Similar branded pure silk lines not available under 6/11 to-day! Full-fash. Cameo (pink beige), Theme (grey beige), Sunspray (suntan), Cotton Club (d. suntan). Sizes 8 1/2 to 10 1/2.

5/11 Nat. Advt. F. Fash.

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W12KG: Guaranteed perfect! Reinforced with sylkohenel! Sunlight (burnt tan), Demure (beige), Glamour (bright tan), Burnt Tan (deep tan) shades. Sizes, 8 1/2 to 10 1/2, 2/11 value for 1/11.

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4/11, 6/11 Full Fash. SHEERS! CHIFFONS!

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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SHE had forgotten. The realisation struck her like a blow.
Aloud she said: "Will you promise to get me on the boat?"
"Of course."
"Then I'll come."

As they drove down towards the sea, an almost full moon sailed before them, chill and silvery in the black sky. To-morrow night, Pat thought, that moon would look down on black, tossing waters. She shivered, looking at Richard.

He pressed the accelerator and sent the car flying along the straight road. She lay back and watched his profile. He looked rather stern now, though he had laughed a great deal that evening. They had dined quietly, but it had been such fun.

Then Richard said: "Let's not go dancing, unless you want to especially. I have a better idea."
"What is it? And remember—I have to go on the stroke of midnight, like Cinderella."

"I'll remember—and you'll see what it is presently."

They sped on and on, to turn presently into a drive of arching trees. Then the headlights swung round on a stretch of dark water, walled with rock. "A quarry," Pat said.

"My quarry," Richard told her. They turned away from the pool, the tyres crunching on granite chips, and then he stopped the car. "Here we are."

She got out, stiffly. Before her, on the edge of the water, was a little house built of stone; a little grey house set among silver birches. It was small and low, with leaded panes, and above its chimney the October moon rode high. Pat gasped. "But it's out of Hansel and Gretel," she said. "The witch's house—the gingerbread cottage in the woods—"

Richard laughed. "I'll go first. There's a path. Can you find your way?"

He opened a door, and a second later light sprang from the leaded windows. Pat stepped into a panelled hall and then a long, low living-

room. The windows were recessed, and had seats built below them. The wide fireplace was framed with book-cases, and before it was a deep sofa covered with flowered linen. Richard was kneeling, putting a match to the birch logs on the hearth.

She said quickly: "But you mustn't—We haven't time—"

"We have time for you to get warm. We'll have some tea in a minute."

"But—whose house is this?"
"Mine," Richard said. He smiled, a proud, boyish little smile. "I built it myself. It took almost three years, but I did it. The stone was on the place, and my neighbors helped me. I come out here every week-end."

"But I thought you had a house." Surely she remembered that Richard's family had a town house and a beautiful old place in the country.

"That place was sold," Richard said briefly, "but I hung on to this old quarry. I bought it long ago, and I'd always meant to put up some sort of little house. May I show you round? I'm disgustingly proud of it."

She followed, while he showed her the kitchen, gleaming with pale green enamel and white porcelain, the tiny bathroom, a north-lighted studio. "I've been playing with paints," he confessed. "Only on week-ends, of course, but it's lots of fun."

Later, she sat by the fire and he brought in two steaming cups.

"You do like it, Pat?" he asked.
"Like it?" she said. "Like it? I—I—"

and then suddenly she was in tears. He was beside her, taking her cup, and she sobbed and sobbed into his coat. It was infinitely comforting, and so was the warmth of his arms. She did not tell him that she was crying because this house was what she had dreamed about for eleven years, ever since she had gone to school and had spent holidays in a flat with her father's secretary, or gone with him and Mrs Grayson on various scientific expeditions; that it was all she had ever wanted, all her life.

Richard's head went down on her knee for a moment. "Pat," he said. "Darling, you mustn't go."

"Oh, yes, I must." She stirred again. "The boat—they're waiting."

"I know. But there's still almost an hour. Just sit there for a minute." He dried her eyes very gently with his handkerchief and slipped a pillow under her head, and she smiled gratefully. Somewhere from a great distance she heard him moving about the room. She would get up. In a moment, she would get up. Darling, you mustn't go . . . She closed her eyes, smiling . . .

When she opened them, the sun was pouring through the leaded panes and turning the panelling to dull gold. She sat up and looked around bewilderedly.

"Hello," a voice said, "I was just going to wake you."

"Richard!" She got to her feet.

His brown cheeks were glowing, and his eyes smiled at her. "I had a swim, but I'm afraid you haven't

Dear Enemy

Continued from page 38

time. It's seven-thirty, and the Aloe sails at eight."

She stared at him, horrified. "And I slept all night."

"You were terribly tired," he said gently. "I told your father—"

"You told him?"

He nodded. "I went down to the dock, after you were asleep." He smiled. "It was entirely respectable, my dear. I slept in the garage."

"Now—because I promised, and only because I promised—you must hurry," Richard said. "They'll give you breakfast on the boat, and I think you'll just have time to wash here. There's a mirror in the bathroom."

She washed her face and combed her tumbled hair and put on her spectacles soberly. But even so, there was a look about her face that was new and different. She wasn't the same. She was—

"Ready?" Richard called.

Mechanically she followed him outdoors, not daring to look back at the living-room or the house.

Richard did not speak as they drove through the small, scattered villages with the sea, dark blue and capped with silver, tossing at their right. In a moment, a tiny tense moment, they had reached Southampton.

FROM the quay they could see the Aloe riding gently at her mooring. Her sails were set; she was ready to weigh anchor at any moment, now, with the turn of the tide.

Richard had stopped the car. "Pat."

Something in his voice made her heart leap wildly. She turned. His brown face was tense, and his eyes were fastened on hers. "Pat, you will come back?"

She looked down. "Of course I will," she murmured. Then she looked up. "Why?"

"Because," he said unsteadily, "I love you. I love you terribly. I almost told you so last night, but I'd promised to get you to the boat, and—now I have to tell you, even if you're going away."

She stared at him unbelievably. Then she gave a little gasp, half laugh and half sob, and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, darling . . ."

"Miss King." It was a dour, Swedish voice. Hugo was standing beside the car, eyeing her disapprovingly. "The tender is waiting, Miss, and Captain Matson says . . ."

"I know." She drew herself out of Richard's arms. "Wait here."

She smiled quickly into his bewildered face, ran down to the dock and jumped into the tender. It danced over the blue water, and her heart danced with it. But when they reached the Aloe and she saw her father looking bigger, and much more stern than she remembered, she had to glance back at the other tall figure on the dock to gather courage. Then she stood up and climbed over the rail.

"WELL?" said Theodore King.

She had always been terrified of him when he spoke in that tone, but now there was a spring, a tiny fountain of confidence bubbling inside her. She smiled at her father. "It wasn't his fault—it was mine. I went to sleep."

"I know, I know. But haven't you anything more to say than that after upsetting everyone and keeping me up half the night and delaying an important scientific expedition?"

"I'm sorry I upset you," said Pat gently. "But as for the expedition . . ." she drew a long breath and met his eyes serenely. "I'm not going on it."

Her father looked as though he would burst. "In heaven's name, girl, why not? When we've made a place for you. Pat, have you gone absolutely crazy?"

"No. I'm just getting sane, that's all. I'm not going to study the science of life any more. I'm going to study life itself. And living. And a lot of other things. And probably," she added, "I'm going to begin by marrying Richard Harmon."

Then she gasped, for Theodore King threw his big head back and burst into delighted laughter. Then he looked down at his daughter. "So you're in love with him, eh?"

She nodded. "I know you don't like him because of the Brazil business, but I don't care. I honestly don't."

"Did he tell you why he left us in Brazil?"

"No."

Her father said: "When the Institute refused to finance my trip, Richard Harmon gave me half his own fortune. After we left, his family's firm went under. He came home to try to save it. He paid off his creditors and went into bankruptcy himself and began all over again. It happened before, Pat, but you usually hear about it. I heard only yesterday. Richard didn't tell me because he was afraid I'd change my plans."

"So you see," his big hand descended on her shoulder, "your study of life—and of this individual case—has just begun. Now run along and get to work on it." He kissed her cheek.

"Tell Richard to send me a secretary to Havana, will you? Get hold of him right away. A man, not a woman. And you'd better send your Aunt Adelaide some flowers."

"Why? What has she got to do with—"

"Practically everything," said her father. "She telephoned me, and sent Richard to meet you at the hotel, and did her best to spoil our sailing. Still, send her an orchid or two—from me," he added. "And now, for heaven's sake, go ashore!"

Five minutes later Pat stood with Richard on the dock watching the Aloe slip away.

She turned to Richard. "Do you think," she said shyly, "that the people of Southampton would mind very much if I kissed you? And if you must justify it, call it a biological experiment."

(Copyright)

TOOTH THAT IS WORSHIPPED!

THE FOUR CANINE TEETH OF "GAUTAMA" WERE AMONG BUDDHA'S SEVEN GREAT RELICS. ONE OF THESE, FAMOUS IN CEYLON BUDDHISM, IS THE TOOTH CALLED "DALADA". IT IS STILL PRESERVED AND WORSHIPPED AT THE RANDY SHRINE.

SNAKES TEETH CURE FOR BLINDNESS!

IN SOUTH PERU AND BOLIVIA, THE TEETH OF POISONOUS SNAKES WERE CAREFULLY STUCK INTO THE EYES OF THE BLIND. THIS WAS REGARDED AS A CURE FOR BLINDNESS.

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PAIN NEARLY WHOLLY MENTAL

DOCTORS SAY A MAN DURING RAGE FEELS NO PAIN FROM INJURY UNTIL AFTER HIS ANGER HAS COOLED. THE SAME MAN, WAITING IN THE ANTEROOM OF THE DENTIST WILL SUFFER TOOTHACHE AGONIES IN ANTICIPATION. TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS GUARDS AGAINST DENTAL DECAY BY CLEANING EVERY TOOTH SURGICALLY AND ANTISEPTICALLY.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

1/3 and 2/1

WHITEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY
JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological
Research Society

At this time of the year, the influence of the planets Neptune and Jupiter becomes important in connection with Piscean-born people.

THESE planets have equal rulership over Pisceans, whose birthdays fall between February 19 and March 21, and have an important bearing on the character and events of those born under the sign.

Neptune is the planet of inspiration, dreams, mysticism, high-class music, religious worship, secrets, deception and misunderstanding. It also rules over liquids, oils, certain gases and perfumes and over films (and those who act in them), and ships (and those who work in them).

Neptune is a comparatively new planet in astrological significance, but has quickly assumed importance in our lives.

Pisceans often become very musical, poetical, and visionary under its sway. It also produces doctors and clever artists or writers.

Jupiter, the co-ruler of Pisces, is regarded as the planet of good fortune, and has special rule over medical men, politicians, publishers, long journeys, big money, high positions, teachers, advisers, writers, sports and gamblers.

When fortunately placed in the heavens at the time of birth Jupiter brings benefits and happiness; when adversely placed it creates difficulties.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): The present is likely to be unpropitious for most Arians, but the near future is likely to bring opportunities and general good fortune. Concentrate on planning for the future and get all outstanding matters in hand. Be cautious on March 29 (2 p.m.), 31, and 22.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): March 20 (after noon), very fair; also March 21 (morning). Utilise these dates for semi-important changes and ventures.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Be cautious on March 19, 19, and 20 (morning), for your stars can bring confusion, losses, difficulties, and upsets then. Try to avoid arguments and delays. Concentrate on routine.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Make the most of March 16 (after 10 a.m.) and 17 and 18 (very early). These days distinctly favor most Cancerians, whereas the near future can bring difficulties and worries. Get everything well in hand now. Be cautious on March 20, 21, and 22.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Better times soon, so make constructive plans for future enterprises and changes. Meanwhile, March 16 (after noon), 19 and 20 (a.m.), just fair, and March 22 (late evening), adverse.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be on guard against difficulties, upsets, arguments, losses, disappointment, opposition, and partings on March 16, 19, and 20 (daylight). Indiscretions then can bring reverses later on.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Don't waste a moment of March 19 and 20 (10 to 5 a.m.), for these times favor most Librans strongly. The weeks just ahead may produce difficulties and upsets. Get everything well in hand without delay, and then let routine suffice. March 20, 21, and 22 adverse.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): Most Scorpions will find that opportunities and general happiness dominate March 16 (from noon, onward), 17, and 18 (morning). Diligence, wisdom, and controlled confidence in starting new enterprises, making changes and seeking gains should pay well.

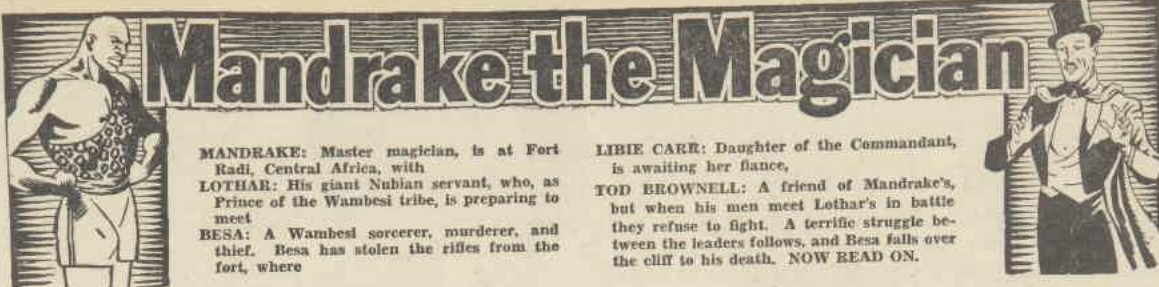
SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 21): Most of the coming week can work against you unless you act wisely and keep on guard against delays, worries, arguments, and other troubles or difficulties. March 16, 19, and 20 (early), very conflicting. But better times ahead, so cheer up.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 19): March 20 (after 3 p.m.) and 21 (early) should prove quite favorable, but try to dodge upsets, annoyances and delays on March 21 (afternoon) and 22. Avoid changes. Routine best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unpropitious until the evening of March 22, then fair for semi-important matters.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Be optimistic, confident, diligent, and cheerful on March 16, 17, and 18 (until 9 a.m.). Your stars should help you to realize certain hopes and benefits then. Don't waste time.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is at Fort Radi, Central Africa, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who, as Prince of the Wambesi tribe, is preparing to meet
BESA: A Wambesi sorcerer, murderer, and thief. Besa has stolen the rifles from the fort, where

LIBIE CARR: Daughter of the Commandant, is awaiting her fiancé,
TOD BROWNELL: A friend of Mandrake's, but when his men meet Lothar's in battle they refuse to fight. A terrific struggle between the leaders follows, and Besa falls over the cliff to his death. NOW READ ON.

WITH THE DEFEAT OF BESA, THE BATTLE ENDS AND THE WAMBESI TRIBE HAILS LOTHAR!



AT THE CELEBRATION, MANDRAKE ENTERTAINS! HE THROWS HANDFULS OF LOOSE GRASS INTO THE AIR--IT SEEMS TO HANG SUSPENDED--SPELLING THE NAME OF THE HERO!



TO BE CONTINUED

Radio drama of first great Churchill

Winston's ancestor was also man of destiny

Winston Churchill, the lion in the path of the dictators, has a name that is significant in British history. His great ancestor John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, was also a man of destiny.

HIS story will be told in "The First Great Churchill," dramatic serial which commences on 2GB on Thursday, March 13, and will be broadcast every Tuesday and Thursday at 9.15 p.m.

There are extraordinary and highly significant parallels in the lives of these two Churchills, of the eighteenth and twentieth centuries.

Winston Churchill had to wait until he was 65 to become Prime Minister.

Similarly, John Churchill was forced for a period by contrary streams in the politics of his times to bide his time.

Yet he was one of the greatest military geniuses the world has ever known, and this war may prove that

his great descendant has inherited his sense of tactics and strategy.

Marlborough was a great statesman, a shrewd and hard-working politician, a tireless and ingenious organiser.

He was one of the greatest diplomats in European history, and was a man whose talents were as wide and various as those of his descendant, the present British Prime Minister.

That his life has greatly influenced that of Winston Churchill is evidenced by the fact that the best biography of this great soldier and statesman has been written by the British Prime Minister.

But John Churchill does not hold all the limelight in the radio play.

A goodly portion goes to his wife Sarah, known to history as Viceroy Sarah.

She it was, as friend and adviser to Queen Anne, who had a say in



DOROTHY FOSTER, producer of the radio drama, "The First Great Churchill."

the destiny of England almost unequalled by any woman since.

Produced by Dorothy Foster, "The First Great Churchill" stars John Nugent Hayward as John Churchill, supported by Hilda Scurr as Sarah Churchill, and Dorothy Foster as Lady Castlemayne.

Others in the cast are Brenda Dunrich, Lou Vernon, Rita Pauncefort, Harold Mende, Brian Wright, Frank Bradley, Enid Lorimer, and Muriel Steinbeck.

Tin Can Sailor

Continued from page 4

NO other Cincus had given the air arm such a rigorous course of war training as Sailor Dane had done, with one thing in mind. That was to pit a majority of planes against a majority of the craft he held to be most valuable—the destroyers—in one final and supreme test. To determine as nearly as possible the future policy of the navy—whether it should remain on the sea or take to the sky.

Hand chains clanked on the starboard ladder; the young man who materialised out of darkness with a smart salute was trim and passably good-looking. But Sailor Dane growled at him:

"Yes, Mr. Barton?" He thought the lieutenant was smiling, and he resented it. Jack Barton belonged to an enemy who was real, not theoretical. He was the senior aviation pilot on board the Georgia.

Barton was smiling because he was young and self-assured and thought aviation was unrivalled. Because he was certain Patricia Dane would marry him some day.

But until she was of age she wouldn't. Fliers could break their necks if they chose, but none was going to break his daughter's heart at the time he cracked up.

"Good evening, sir," Barton was saying. "Communications picked up the City of San Fernando, sir. She docks at Honolulu the day after tomorrow."

"She told you what ship she was sailing on, eh?"

"Yes, sir." Definitely there was a smile now.

"I'll have one of both of you in Irons, Barton! I know Patricia, and I know Hawaiian moonlight. I've given her strict orders to refuse to see you. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly, sir." But the smile was still there.

He was gone, and Sailor Dane's eyebrows crawled together like a pair of shaggy grey caterpillars meeting on a one-way twig. Patricia would disobey, of course. She was young and headstrong, and she thought she was in love. There were a hundred eligible young officers in the destroyers; she would have none of them. A flier was more dashing, more romantic.

Sailor Dane snorted and watched a grey blur move on the starboard hand. It took shape and became a new, one-stack destroyer, and he watched it and forgot to breathe.

The "tin cans" were his first love and would be his last. He'd have loved to fly his four-starred flag from a destroyer if a Cincus could flout conventions so far. No man

could become a real naval officer until he'd served aboard one.

But he wasn't in the "cans." He was Cincus, and he could only hope that the destroyers did to-morrow what he expected of them. He was conscious of a messenger hurrying up to the navigation bridge; the Georgia's captain came down a little later, approaching softly and saluting. His voice sounded strained:

"Sorry to bother you, sir, but you should know about this. An SOS, sir—merchant ships. Collision. Will you read it, sir?"

"Very well, Captain," and Sailor Dane turned into the chartroom.

Something was wrong. The hooded lamp dimly showed Kelly's broad face and the clenched, unlighted pipe. Kelly's eyes were troubled; he sucked noisily on the pipe just once, and the captain's breathing was heavy. Sailor Dane's chief of staff, little Admiral Willis, thrust his thin form through the curtained doorway, and that was wrong, too, because Willis had asthma, and the doctor had told him to stay in his room.

THEY were all looking at him. Sailor Dane took the yellow sheet and the black print blurred before his eyes until he leaned closer. Then he stiffened and his face went grey.

The City of San Fernando had rammed an oil tanker in the fog. Her position was given; Kelly pencilled a cross on the chart. Down towards the Islands.

"Two hundred and forty miles, sir," Kelly said. "South-west by west. We're probably the nearest of any ships."

"Yes," Sailor Dane nodded. "Probably so."

"Shall I get a message to Admiral Pearson?" asked the captain, and the others knew that Fleet Problem 22 hung in the balance. Climax of the navy year. Climax of forty-three navy years. One flash of blinkers or light tube could undo all the secrecy they had taken such pains to build; a black plane might be on patrol right now. One crackle of a radio transmitter, and the directional finders would be put to work.

Sailor Dane shook his head. "No," he said in a clipped tone. "No visual communications until dawn. Radio silence will not be lifted until the enemy is sighted. Pearson will have this SOS, and the movements of the fleet are in his hands. Carry on."

He went out into the darkness. Jack Barton hurried up the ladder, and this time his fists were clenched too tightly to salute.

Please turn to page 44

MIM!
SNAPPY CREAM ROLLS!
DON'T COUNT HOW MANY
I EAT



DELIGHT THE FAMILY WITH SNAPPY CREAM ROLLS

4 oz. COPHA
6 oz. Brown Sugar
1 tablespoon Honey
or Golden Syrup
1 tablespoon Water
1 medium teaspoon Bicarbonate of Soda
3 oz. Rolled Oats
4 oz. Plain Flour

Heat the first four ingredients in a saucepan and stir until the Copha melts. Add the bicarbonate of soda and while it is frothing mix in well the oats and flour. Stir briefly until smooth. Place teaspoon of mixture on well-greased baking sheets about 3 inches apart, and bake in a medium oven till golden brown. Remove from oven and allow to cool for a few moments only. While still hot, roll loosely around handle of wooden spoon or something similar. (Be quick or they will be too crisp to curl.) When cold, fill with Copha Mock Cream.

COPHA MOCK CREAM

1 lb. COPHA
1 Egg
1 lb. Fine Icing Sugar
2 tablespoons Milk (warm)
Essence Vanilla
Cream the softened Copha, gradually adding the sugar. When light, beat in the egg and very smooth. Flavour to taste. Do not melt the Copha.

COPHA MAKES EVERYTHING MORE DIGESTIBLE

They're so crisp and crunchy—with a toffee flavour that's simply irresistible. No wonder Snappy Cream Rolls are tops with the children! And Copha makes beauties! This pure vegetable shortening mixes in easily and has no greasy flavour of its own to hide the mingled goodness of all your other ingredients. Buy the economical 1-lb. packet and use it whenever you want shortening—it keeps fresh till you need it.

COPHA

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HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO

DOUBLE STRENGTH

Claron-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



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to delight a woman's heart

THERE'S A REAL thrill when you collect your free gift from the Vita-Brits seals that you have been saving. Every article in the big range of high quality gifts is something useful and really worth having. Buy Vita-Brits — the crisp, crunchy breakfast cereal that is packed full of nourishment, and start saving the seals today.



OVER 300 GIFTS TO CHOOSE FROM—

The high quality and useful articles pictured at left are typical of the gifts you get in exchange for the seals which you will find on the side of every Vita-Brits packet. The gift range includes fancy goods, household linen, kitchenware, cutlery, crockery, china and glassware. All these gifts are displayed at the Gift Showrooms where you can inspect in comfort and at your leisure.

VITA-BRITS

**THE
MORNING, NOON & NIGHT
CEREAL**

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS—At the Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, all the gifts are clearly displayed and marked with their exchange values. By bringing the necessary number of seals to the Showrooms, you can take immediate delivery of the gift you prefer. If you live out of town, you can have your gift forwarded to you by sending in the necessary seals to the Showrooms, together with (1) your name and address, (2) details of the gift you prefer, (3) necessary postage and packing charge. The large (24 oz.) packets of Vita-Brits carry a large seal. The small (12 oz.) packets carry a small seal. In exchange values for gifts, three small seals equal one large seal.

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To get your gifts quicker, combine your Crispies seals with the seals from the packets of Vita-Brits and Spry's Cornflakes.



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And Heart

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

Take It! and Stop Limping

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Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalizing the blood. Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalized fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

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I'D RATHER
HAVE MY COLD



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VICKS
VAPORUB

Deal for children—and
just as good for adults

Over 26 million jars used
yearly in 71 countries

Tin Can Sailor

Continued from page 42

"**S**IR," he panted. "If you'll speak to the captain, he might give me permission to fly to the scene, and—"

"Don't be a fool, Barton!" It gave Sailor Dane strength to exercise the taut discipline the sea had taught him. "What could you do? There'll be other messages."

There were. A Honolulu commercial station shut down. Other ships jammed the air, giving their positions. Kelly was right. No vessels so near as the battle line—

City San Fernando crashed bow on into tanker Henry Whipple. Both ships still afloat. Damage not yet ascertained. Send help.

Sailor Dane breathed more easily and passed Lieutenant Barton the message. It was midnight. "We've got to do something, sir!" the younger man said desperately. Sailor Dane turned on him.

"Yes. Get below. Stand by in the radio room till they kick you out. And keep quiet."

His own place was on the bridge. He kept watching the chronometer in the chartroom. Two closely set stars gleamed suddenly overhead. Sailor Dane glared at them. As if he hadn't troubles enough without its threatening to clear and give the Black force's planes the advantage.

Another message came: Two hundred twenty-one passengers crew ninety-four safe City San Fernando Henry Whipple crew thirty-two safe Keeping bow in tanker's side.

Sailor Dane nodded approvingly. There was a seaman skipping the liner, he thought. Kelly and Willits came out. Kelly cleared his throat and said: "Lots of officers' wives and kids on that ship, sir. Gunnery officer's wife is aboard. So's the chaplain's family."

Sailor Dane's teeth clenched. He was trying not to picture women and children and terror in the darkness. Things could happen, of course. And Patricia, for all her headstrong nature, was so utterly helpless, so fragile, wide-eyed—

He swore under his breath. Aloud, he said without irreverence: "The chaplain ought to pray. Any change in the Black's course?"

"We can't get anything now but messages to the liner. Every packet between San Francisco and Sydney is advising her. Several told her there ought to be a fleet around. But nobody knows where."

"Good!" said Sailor Dane grimly. "Our position is really secret!"

"But aren't you going to send aid?" Willits husked.

"Not yet. It may not be serious. We started out to simulate real war, and by—look, gentlemen! My daughter's there. They're already saying I gave Bender all the planes because my son died in one. I can't wreck this fleet problem because of my daughter!"

WILLITS nodded slowly and turned away. Kelly's pipstern cracked in his teeth.

Then the next message came:

Bow still Whipples side damage City San Fernando apparently slight remain afloat indefinitely cannot make headway Whipple losing oil.

Back in the misty darkness Sailor Dane paced the deck like an animal grown weary of pacing its cage. There would be criticism for either course he took.

At one o'clock they learned that the minesweeper Kingfisher and the

coastguard cutter Modoc were steaming out of Pearl Harbor. They'd reach the wreck at dawn to-morrow, and dawn to-morrow was a long time away . . .

It was four o'clock when the call to battle stations sounded. Men ran on excited feet. Over the loud-speakers the order went forth:

"Man the anti-aircraft batteries! Man the anti-aircraft batteries!"

Listening devices had picked a drone from the sky. It came finally to the naked ear; a dull monotone to the northward, above the fog. The Black force had wings on patrol, but there was little chance the scouts had been successful.

STILL AFLOAT NO IMMEDIATE DANGER DRIFTING SOUTHEAST BY EAST THREE KNOTS.

Light was faint in the east. Sailor Dane squared his weary shoulders. Willits hadn't slept; he came back to the signal bridge to await zero hour. The grey bulk of the California took shape so swiftly the Georgia might have been running her down. This was a latitude of short twilights and bold dawnings. A speed flag broke into the wind on the California's hoist; it called for eighteen knots, and the men who watched thrilled.

Admiral Pearson was getting ready to strike. More flags climbed the halyards, flung gay color against the drabness. The Georgia's hoists whirled as the signals were repeated for the ships astern. Changing course to starboard. Execute! He could look back down the line now and see the Idaho and the New Mexico—

"Prepare to catapult planes!"

Sailor Dane's hands clenched, but they were in his pockets, and nobody saw. The mists were breaking. Pearson was going to scout for the enemy with the few planes he had—two on each dreadnought. The Georgia's sky engines broke into a warning clatter.

But they were too late. Word came from the sky tops, went through the ship and the fleet like an electric shock:

"Main battle line of enemy off port beam!"

Sailor Dane and Willits hustled to the port rail. Kelly joined them; his navigational duties were over. Now he grinned and filled his empty pipe, and they stared over the patches of mist hugging the low swells and saw only an emptiness—

Range, thirty-six thousand yards! Bearing, three-five-oh! Range, thirty-six thousand yards! Bearing, three-five-oh!

"Broadside batteries open fire!"

A buzzer sounded. Subcalibre guns spat with amazing noise from the top of each of the four turrets. Powder smoke whipped up; its clean, sharp smell was good to know again. The subcalibres were hammering swiftly, and each shot meant actual loading and stimulated firing of the turret guns.

The destroyer leader Dewey flashed by, foam piled high on her sharp bow. Other "tin cans" swung astern her with a proud recklessness, and all at once the black smoke boiled from their stacks to screen the battle waggons, and the gloom deepened until you could see the jets flaming from the subcalibres.

Sailor Dane was immensely proud just then, and he could forget any worry in the world watching a destroyer perform. But now there

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was too much to see and hear. Problem 23 became a three-ring circus magnified a thousand times and flung over a lot so large its borders were lost over the skyline. There was the sky, too, and a roaring in it that deepened to thunder, and the catapult execution signal dropped just then on the California. Twenty-four planes leaped into the wind; there were the enemy planes overhead, shattering the mists, flying so low the yells of the nearest sky-gun crew were confidently loud.

Sailor Dane watched with triumph as the guns theoretically bracketed the big planes with shellfire, and from the sky tops the 50-calibre machine-guns let go a clatter of blanks. Planes could never live through that. Score one for the surface fighters.

Now the battle line was closing in toward the theoretical collision point; the range changed swiftly. More planes passed over. The air was jammed with radio messages, too. Claims and counterclaims as to damage inflicted; queries as to the identity of ships below and wings above. Yonder went the White force's observation planes; Sailor Dane remembered that Jack Barton was up there, and he saw the echelon formation vanish while engines drummed and dimmed.

All at once he felt terribly alone, because there had been another man who loved Patricia Dane on the ship with him, to worry and scan every message, and perhaps to pray. Now he was gone, and Sailor Dane stood looking at a bluejacket from the radio room, and at a message.

One word leaped out at him, stabbed into his consciousness. In all the history of the sea, no other word was so ominous.

Oil from Whipples tanks ignited. Fire. Spreading. Can't lower boats. City San Fernando. The things that climax a life given to the Navy came crashing. He was dimly aware of Willits' husky: "Something wrong?" Of Kelly's swift, concerned look.

He swung to face Kelly.

Please turn to page 45

Ends HOT BURNING FEET —in 3 seconds

Foot secret of ancient desert tribes now brings YOU relief in three short seconds!

When your feet seem on fire, and swollen, aching tissues seem to burst your shoes . . . that's when you need Frostene . . . magic new foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh, those soothing, cooling healants used by ancient Eastern kings to heal foot tortures caused by fiery desert sands. Just rub in this refreshing vanishing cream—in three seconds feel its penetrating antiseptic unguents start to draw out all the pain and fire.

Frostene sinks deep into inflamed congested tissues, reduces swelling, stops the throbbing and aches. Now all chemists sell magic-acting Frostene in good-size tubes. Greaseless, stainless. Get some to-day . . . rub in night and morning, enjoy foot comfort all through the longest summer day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

"MY compliments to Admiral Pearson. He will detach the destroyers Meade and Hampton, to proceed to the liner. I will transfer my flag to the Meade. Without ceremony. Present exercises will continue with Admiral Willits acting as chief umpire."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Kelly, and was gone.

Then the next message came: Must have help quickly. City San Fernando.

The sea power of a nation moved around him with all the studied trickery of two fast football teams. A game that some day might decide the future of that nation. Now it was suddenly mockery to Sailor Dane, for while the fleet played at destruction and mass murder death was striking in earnest not far away—

His barge was touching water by the time the Georgia hoisted her breakdown flag and fell out of line to lose headway. The tackle was clear and the barge was moving away when he heard the shout from the sky tops: "Enemy's main battle line countermarching, sir!"

There were other things to think of; Sailor Dane did not want to think of them. Instead, he considered the tactical significance of Bender's manoeuvre, and chuckled. Then he was catching a beam's ladder and it was like a home-coming to salute the Meade's quarter-deck.

"If she'll do forty knots, Captain," he told the lieutenant-commander, "then let her do forty knots!"

"Aye, aye, sir! Will you come to the bridge, sir?"

His flag was at the mainmast of a "tin can," where he had long felt it should be. There was fierce joy in standing braced against the roll of the little ship, feeling her pulsating power. Sailor Dane's nails bit the palms of his hands; he ached for the wheel, as if he could drive the Meade faster. And the messages came and grew more frantic.

Fire over forward deck. Now cannot send much longer. Fear Whippies tanks explode any minute.

"There it is, sir!"

He nodded and lifted his glasses. Smoke, low and black on the rim of the sea. Smoke that climbed while he watched agonisingly for the first red tongue of flame. It was time to make his plans, time to pray for a few more minutes—

"Instruct the liner's captain to wrap the passengers in wet blankets. You'd better jettison all inflammables and wooden gear topside."

"Aye, aye, sir! Messenger!"

They were going into the inferno; there was no other way. Nothing but steel could live in that flame-swept sea. Nothing but a steel-decked destroyer. He saw a white plume of steam feather from the black swirl; a cargo boom fell and sent up a shower of sparks—

THIS IS LAST MESSAGE CAPTAIN FEARS IMPOSSIBLE YOU COME ALONGSIDE.

His jaw clicked; there were those green lights kicking up in his eyes. The captain didn't know the Navy, didn't know destroyers, or destroyer men.

"Would you take over, sir?" asked the lieutenant-commander, as one destroyer man to another and without any suggestion of an attempt to evade responsibility. Sailor Dane nodded and smiled; it was a minute before he could speak.

"Rig the salt-water hose. Stand by to wet down the decks."

They were close. His eyes narrowed on the burning strip of sea, he chose the windward side. He called for right rudder; the Meade slanted and rolled. He gauged the distance, ordered fewer turns. They lost speed in the shadow of the

Tin Can Sailor

Continued from page 44

smoke cloud. More right rudder—it was hard not to stay "starboard" as they did when Sailor Dane was in "tin cans"—

Smoke closed over the fo'c'sle; the flame lay luridly ahead. "Out fenders to port! Stop the engines. All hands stand by for a ram!"

Men braced themselves, sought sanctuary from the blistering heat billowing in from the port side. The sea was alive in that quarter; fresh fuel dribbled and poured from the gashed tanks of the low, listing tanker.

"Form a boarding party with gas masks!" Sailor Dane called, but they were sliding past the City of San Fernando, somewhere there on their port hand, without so much as rolling a rope fender on her flame-licked side. He groaned and ordered full right rudder, quarter speed forward. They would have to circle and try again, and every minute was precious.

Clear air. A roar astern, and the Meade swinging in a sharp circle. Destroyers could turn on practically nothing. Cut in closer, this time.

"Planes overhead, sir!" So that made the roaring, not the fire, not the blood in his temples. Planes! What could planes do? Nothing more inflammable—

"Six ships, sir. Observation planes from the battle waggons. They are landing, sir!"

He jerked a glance skyward, saw

Animal Antics



"Guess what! Tom is taking me to dinner at the Ritzmore cloak-room!"

the planes blotted out in the smoke pall, caught his breath. But they flashed through, propellers turning slowly as they slanted toward the water near the rim of fire.

He remembered something then, and the others on the bridge seemed to know he was really talking to himself: "Barton, of course—I might have known. It may work, at that!" And the Meade lost way on the outer rim of her turn as she stopped the engines.

Wing tips slid dangerously near the blaze as the seaplanes taxied over the low swells. They came to a stop; the first ship put her rudder hard over and gave her engine the gun. The tail swung toward the fire with a defiant flip, and the others followed suit.

Now the engines swelled to a roar that drowned Sailor Dane's reverent swearing. There was enough wind to hold the planes where they

were; the backwash of their props whipped astern and struck the bright margin of fire. Flames flickered and died there, the margin moved back with little recurrent sallies that were smothered and left smoking. The sooty cloud was thinning and flattening; he could see the City of San Fernando now.

They moved in astern of the line of seaplanes, and the wind from them whipped over the Meade's deck. Sailor Dane held his breath again until he felt the jar and the shuddering wrench that followed, and then he could see white-capped bluejackets heaving the gangway lines over the glowing rail of the City of San Fernando.

THE Hampton moved gracefully on the starboard, and another gangplank swiftly bridged the gap between the two destroyers. Flame was still high and roaring on the outer rims of that motor-made blast of air.

"Take over, Captain!" said Sailor Dane suddenly, and went down from the bridge, a tall, gaunt, proud figure. Out of the begrimed, strained faces of those who crossed the gangplank to safety he picked one. In spite of smoke and terror, Patricia Dane was still lovely, still pliant and blonde and slender.

"Daddy!" she cried, and flung herself at him. He could find no words; he held her and felt the heartbeats tick off a prayer.

All the passengers and both crews were aboard the two destroyers in a very few minutes. The City of San Fernando's captain came last and looked back at the ship he had lost because you can't out-guess the sea. Gangways were shipped; the Meade and Hampton steamed into the clear and stopped while the planes taxied into their lee.

Sailor Dane read: "U.S.S. Georgia" on the fuselage of the first plane and looked down to tell Patricia. She already knew. She was throwing a kiss to Jack Barton; he could see she was throwing her heart with it. "Messenger!" Sailor Dane found his voice again. "Tell the captain to hoist the signal 'Well Done.' Inform him we will proceed at once to Pearl Harbor."

He escorted Patricia to the hatchway. There was a shattering roar in the smoke that had closed in over the doomed ships, and he grew conscious of the destroyer's captain's presence beside him. But neither spoke until the planes were gone.

"Radio reports have been piling up, sir. Admiral Willits called off the exercises soon after we were detached. It seems that when the battleships countermarched several were ranged for a moment in pairs—enflamed by the enemy's guns."

Sailor Dane chuckled. He had expected that. Bender was foxy—Bender knew his ships were the more manoeuvrable. Like destroyers.

"Lieutenant Barton then requested permission to fly here and do just what he did—blow a clear channel for us. You know the rest, sir."

Yes, he knew the rest. There would be the critique at Pearl Harbor, and no man could say how the war game had come out until all the claims were considered. The destroyers and submarines might have torpedoed all those cruisers before Bender countermarched.

But, strangely enough, Admiral Philip Porter Dane didn't seem to care, now, who won. They were all Navy—the destroyers, the battleships, the cruisers and the air arm. Just like he was Navy and Jack Barton was Navy. And it occurred to him that a wedding in Honolulu would sort of—well, balance things in the family of a "tin-can" sailor, just as the proper number of planes tended to balance a fighting fleet.

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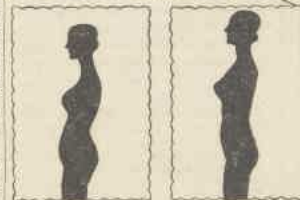
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I enclose 3d in stamps. Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BOKKORA Treatment.

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PAIN
THAT WAS
TORTURE

SHE HAD TO
TELL A
"white lie"

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special acterin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. All chemists.

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★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." Try Myzone with your very next "pain."

"I WAS at a party," she said mildly. "You remember—you were there, too. Only I felt sleepy. So I went outside and looked for a nice, cosy empty car to sleep in. Unfortunately, I seem to have chosen yours. It's a new one, you see, since—my time."

"I hope," he said stiffly, "you enjoyed your sleep. Now, I suppose, you are feeling wide awake and on top of the world."

"Very hungry," Susan corrected him.

At the window the man eyed them both wearily.

"Does she get a sandwich or don't she?" he asked flatly. "Because, if she does I've got to make it."

The red-haired young man thrust his hands into his pockets—possibly to calm himself.

"She gets it," he said grimly. "With relish on it. Also pickles, onions, lettuce, mayonnaise, and anything else you have handy. With a bottle of tomato sauce as well."

As the man retired, muttering, Susan settled herself back comfortably. She was beginning to relax.

"Just," she beamed, "as I like them. You didn't forget a thing."

"I shouldn't," he said shortly. "Heaven knows, I've ordered enough of the ghastly things for you, in times past."

Susan nodded. A great light seemed to be breaking on her.

"I thought there was something familiar about your voice! Your name is—let me see—Roger Devon. Wasn't I engaged to you once?"

"Briefly and tempestuously. As I recall it, there were about six weeks out of the whole six months when we agreed on anything. Here comes your sandwich—though how you can eat such messes is more than I can see!"

Susan thrust her curly head out of the window and smiled at the man, making him her slave.

"Don't mind him," she said, reaching for her sandwich. "He's a farmer and breeds little pigs, and about this time of night he gets sentimental about ham. He'll feel better when he's had his coffee."

The man thrust a cup of coffee under Roger Devon's nose. He did not, his manner said, approve of Roger. With a meaning, "If you need help, lady, call for me," he stalked away.

"Did you see his face?" she murmured. "He thinks you beat me in your idle moments! I'm to call him if I need help."

When they had both finished the man came for his plates and his money.

"Everything all right?" he asked Susan meaningly.

Everything, she told him, was practically perfect.

"He's even been begging me, for the last five minutes, to sit in front with him. And I think I will."

Wherewith, she left the back seat of the car and got in the front.

Roger paid the man, then swung his car out into the main road with a roar.

"Why didn't you say you wanted to sit in front?" he demanded.

"Because I've just thought of it," admitted Susan. "But now that we're here we'd better decide what we are going to do next. Paul won't like this, you know."

At the mention of Paul's name, Roger stiffened.

"And I suppose you think Gwen will be delighted when you and I turn up together?"

"Well, anyway," she stated, "you probably told her you were taking a little jaunt out into the country. I told Paul nothing."

"I told her," said Roger flatly, "that I had a headache, and was going to get some aspirin. I decided afterwards that a run in the night air would do me more good."

"Well, perhaps you can pass me off to Gwen as an aspirin, but I'd never

Furious Young Man

Continued from page 3

be able to do it. However, we can go back and try."

For one who was presumably in a hurry to return and make his peace, Roger drove with conservative speed. After about five minutes of it he said, evenly:

"I hear you are going to marry Paul. Let me extend my congratulations—to your mother."

Beside him, Susan sat up a little straighter.

"You might just extend them—to me." Then, lightly: "I hear you are going to marry Gwen Lancing, too."

"Gwen," he said stiffly, "is a fine girl."

"Yes, isn't she? And so—simple. She'll be just the wife for you, Roger."

"If you don't mind," he said stonily, "I'll do my own deciding about a wife."

AGAIN they rode in silence. And again it was Roger who broke the silence. He did not look at Susan, for to look at Susan was a folly in which he wasn't indulging, but he said:

"You'll be a lot happier with Paul, I expect, than you ever could have been with me. You'd never have stood it—living on a farm."

"So," murmured Susan, "you always told me. Does Gwen enjoy cows?"

Roger's hand upon the wheel tightened.

"I don't breed cows, as you know perfectly well. I don't breed pigs. I—" he broke off abruptly, as his frate eye fell on his petrol gauge. "Curse it!" he exploded. "We're almost out of petrol!"

Susan did not seem surprised.

"I thought we would be, quite soon," she admitted. "When we were at the coffee stall your gauge said almost empty. I supposed you knew."

"You supposed I— And that was why, perhaps, you didn't mention it, but waited until we got stranded here, miles from anywhere!"

"I didn't mention it," murmured Susan, "because the garage was closed, anyway. Besides, this jaunt was your idea, wasn't it? When you started out, did you mean to walk back?"

"Never mind what I meant, when I started out. The point is, we have about a thimbleful of petrol left. So, if you have any more bright ideas—"

Susan's eyes began to fly storm signals. To hear him, one would think that this was her fault!

"If we had some cards," she said

sweetly, "we might hit by the roadside and play cards."

"And if we had a bus, we might climb on and ride home! For heaven's sake, Susan, can't you realise that this is a nice kettle of fish? If Gwen finds out—she's not so keen about you, anyway—"

"Oh, she isn't, isn't she? Well, perhaps you think Paul is passionately fond of you! And he'll be furious when he learns that you practically kidnapped me and brought me out here. I shouldn't be surprised if he knocked you down when he sees you."

Roger turned his car and swung abruptly into a narrow lane. It took the last few gasps of his engine to get him there. But that was not what etched those lines about his young mouth. A helpless rage was consuming Mr. Roger Devon.

"What?" he snorted explosively. "That little insect knock me down! Why, for two pins I'd take him apart and forget to put him back together again. And for another two pins—"

Unexpectedly, Susan burst into flame.

"Don't you call Paul an insect!" she stormed. "He's a much nicer p-person than you are. He doesn't go about fighting people—telling them what they like and what they don't like—arguing with them—refusing to listen to them—being as blind as a bat and as stubborn as a mule. He—Roger, what do you think you're going to do?"

For Roger, with his jaw set in a fighting line, was moving out from behind his wheel.

"I'm going," he said, between set teeth, "to get out of this. I'm going to cut across the fields and find a farmhouse with a telephone. And when I find it, I'm going to send for help. Don't worry, I'll get you back to your precious Paul."

Susan was a white glow scrambling out of her own side of the car. Susan shook with rage. A lot he cared about Paul! All he wanted was to get back to Gwen.

"If you think," she cried, trembling, "that you're going off and leaving me here all alone—"

Roger flung up his head.

"Why I don't shake you until you rattle," he told her fiercely, "I don't know. For a year—ever since things went smash between us—I've dreamed of something like this. A chance to be alone with you—with-out the whole outside world crowding in to wreck things! I thought, if I could get you alone somewhere—where we could talk—it might make a difference."

Please turn to page 47

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TREATMENT
Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



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Furious Young Man

Continued from page 46

"THAT we might capture what somehow we lost," he paused for breath and then went on bitterly: "And what happens? You sit on the back seat and make clever remarks and then you jump up in front and go into a little. Well, I'm going to end it. I have to wake up the whole countryside to do it."

Susan was trembling with some-thing more than rage.

"You can talk—but you never really wanted to see me," she murmured. "If you had, you'd have come to me, long before this."

"And get thrown out on my ear—that mother of yours? No, thank you!"

"You leave my mother out of this!" she cried. "Besides, it's Gwen you love, and you know it!"

"Don't stand there telling me who love and who don't!"

"And don't you shout at me!"

"Then stop arguing! Now, you are going to get back into that car while you find a phone, or must I put you back?"

Susan gasped. "You wouldn't dare!"

Roger—

But Roger was already picking her up and dumping her back into the car. And there he left her. Susan could see his long legs swinging him across a fence before the misty shadows of a field swallowed him up.

Susan stared after him. And suddenly she began to cry. It was ridiculous, because she hadn't cried since the whole year. In fact, it had seemed as if she'd never cry again.

Only now that she was started she couldn't stop. If only Roger didn't stir her up like that until she blew up like a volcano in full eruption!

It only he were a little more like other men—

But Roger wasn't like any other man. He was red-haired, pig-headed. Yes, she told herself, that was the whole trouble and always had been. She had sworn that she'd love to live with him on his little farm, but he'd just shaken that stubborn head of his and said that her mother was right—that it would never work. So he'd turned his back on the one thing he wanted to do and gone into the bank instead—because Susan's mother had suggested that—and, of course, that hadn't worked, either. Imagine Roger cooped up in a bank!

Of course, Susan admitted, her mother had made things worse. Her mother had known from the first what kind of a husband she'd wanted for Susan. And it had never been Roger.

"B—but he needn't have listened to her," sobbed Susan fiercely.

Sitting there, staring out over the misty fields, Susan began to face a lot of facts that, for a long time,

she'd been pushing away from herself. For the first time, perhaps, she could see clearly how it had all been—the misunderstandings, the frustrations, Roger's bitter young pride which wouldn't let him listen to her, her own rebellions that not even she had understood.

And both of them had found relief from tense young nerves in those stormy quarrels that finally separated them.

For they did separate them. In fact, they drove Susan to flight on a holiday that had started out to last a month and had been stretched out to five months. Oh, yes, Susan's mother had seen to that. And she'd seen to it, too, that there'd been no reconciliation on Susan's return. Instead, there had been the gossip about Roger and Gwen Lancing—and, for Susan, the swift and maternally approved courtship of Paul Arkwright.

SUSAN, her dark head high, had taken it all in the modern manner.

And she had been very gay and only lost a few pounds.

To be sure, she had gone once—though nobody knew about that—to the little farm where Roger had gone back to live, but Roger hadn't been there that day. And after that—well, it was too late. Even Susan could see that, because, even if you do know you've been a fool, you can't go and beg a man to marry you when he suddenly invents a new sort of pear grader that starts making so much money that your motives would be certain to be misjudged.

No, thought a suddenly determined Susan who opened the car door with resolution. But you needn't sit still, either, and watch a calculating woman get her claws on him. However, if she were going to do anything about it now she'd have to hurry, because Roger was already out of sight. And once he found a phone and brought out help everything would be beyond repair.

So out of the car and over the fence went Susan—silver slippers, white chiffon and all. And on the other side of it she found a ploughed field.

She slipped and slid through the freshly-furrowed earth, but as far as she could see she wasn't getting anywhere. So she began to run. And that, of course, was fatal. With a gasp she suddenly found herself sitting in the middle of a furrow.

For a moment her emotions were the emotions of any girl who unexpectedly finds herself decorating a furrow with white chiffon. Her favorite frock, too! She scrambled to

her feet. This time, as she went on her way, she tried to hold her swirling flounces high.

Ahead of her loomed up another fence, and Susan got herself over it. This time she left a yard or two of white chiffon behind her.

Despair was taking charge of her, when a shadowy shape loomed up somewhere ahead. "Roger!" wailed Susan, and tore across the ground in frantic pursuit of it. The shadowy shape took on more definite form, and became, abruptly, a terrifying apparition with horns and a lot of bulk. It said "Moooooo!" in a baleful howl, and Susan, with a shriek, turned and fled. After all, there was nobody present to tell her that a bull does not say "Moooooo!" Her calls for help pierced the quiet night.

Somewhere in the distance, Roger heard her and shouted her name. At the sound, Susan swerved in her headlong flight and stumbled towards him, but at that moment another fence got in her way, and Susan hurled herself across it frantically.

She made the leap in true Olympic form, the tatters of her skirt trailing out behind her. But when she landed pandemonium broke out round her. She found herself in the midst of creatures that moved and lunged and baa-ed.

Susan snatched for balance, and caught a handful of wool. The wool came away and Susan fell flat on her back. This time, when she got to her feet, all fear had left her. She was wildly, furiously angry.

Back through the darkness ran Roger, and when he found the last fence which Susan had vaulted he flung himself across it.

"Susan—darling!"

"D—don't you 'darling' me!" she cried fiercely. "and if you ask me how I got here—or what I'm doing—I'll—I'll kill you! First there were f—furrows. I sat down in one. Then there were fences. And a bull chased me. If you don't believe it, go back and look! And perhaps you think it's p—pleasant to be chased by a bull that goes 'Mooooo' at you. I tore my dress, I've ruined my shoes. And now I've landed in a nest of sheep!"

"Darling, it was only a cow. Bulls don't moo. And sheep don't have nests. Anyway, they're only lambs."

"Roger, don't stand there trying to teach me flora and fauna at a time like this. I know a few things. I know some of them were lambs. The l—little ones. And some were rams. Ha—you didn't know I knew that, did you? Well, I do. They k—knocked me down and walked on me—and if you don't stop laughing—"

"Darling, I'm sorry! I'll—stop in a moment—but—"

Abruptly his laughter ceased and he caught Susan close and stood there, listening. His quick ear had caught what hers had not—the barking of a dog. Sharply, he picked her up and lifted her across the fence again.

"Darling, we'd better get out of here. I don't like the sound of that dog."

Susan, who could hear it now, didn't like it either.

She gasped, "W—where shall we go, Roger?"

"Here." He caught her by the hand and pulled her headlong through the darkness. Just beyond them, in the shadows, a group of buildings loomed faintly. At the nearest and smallest one Roger pulled up short.

"Probably—storehouse—tools," he panted. "You—go inside—while I go back and head that dog off."

Please turn to page 48



BOYS & GIRLS! ENTER THIS SIMPLE COMPETITION!

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All you have to do is to write in not more than 25 words, why you like "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT". The judges will decide monthly which entries they think the best, and award to the successful competitor a pair of Boy's or Girl's Ball Bearing Roller Skates or a Slazenger Competition Tennis Racquet during the Competition (i.e., 10th March to 29th August, 1941).

Prizes will be given each month and winners' names published in "Sydney Morning Herald" and Brisbane "Courier Mail" on April 28, May 27, June 24, July 29, August 26, September 9.



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it lets you stand sit or stoop with equal ease

The barking dog sounded like two dogs now, and there was no friendliness in their approach. Susan shouted:

"Roger, come back here!" But he was already gone, so she turned towards safety. Her shaking hands found a door and pulled it open, and she fell headlong into security.

Only it wasn't security! It was bedlam. It was uproar and madness and all the furies set loose! Chickens squawked and filled the air with their beating wings. Feathers flew and frenzy reigned supreme. With a moan, Susan fled out into the night once more.

She was completely unnerved now. She screamed for Roger and heard another dog tearing her way. She ran full tilt into another fence—the world, she felt, was filled with fences—and tore across it, leaving a silver heel behind her as a memento. Then something hit her at about the level of her knees and she was catapulted into a trough of water.

It was the final straw. She didn't even care when, from somewhere beyond, a window was flung up and a man's voice called out, "Hey—what's going on down there?" She simply sat there, and waited for whatever might befall her.

Strong arms reached down and picked her up, and miraculously it was Roger, and he was saying:

"We've got to get out of here, Sue."

He put her down on her feet, and Susan moaned:

"D-do you think I'm enjoying it h-h-here?"

Then the voice at the window shouted down at them again.

"I can see you down there! Stand where you are, or I'll shoot."

"H-he will, too," chattered Susan, frantically. "Everything happens tonight!"

But Roger caught her by the hand. "Nobody shoots in the country, darling. It's just bluff. Come on—we're going to make a dash for it."

It was at that moment that the man at the window shot. And Roger, with a curious sound, toppled over and crumpled to the ground.

For a moment Susan could not move. Sheer panic chained her feet. Then it was gone, and she was beside Roger, tugging at him, lifting him against her, sobbing.

"Roger! Roger! You're all right. I'm here—I'll take care of you." And she was kissing him, fiercely, possessively. Then she was putting him down, was crying, "Somebody get a doctor! Roger's shot!" And she was hurling herself at her fifth fence for that night! For she had to reach that farmhouse. She had to get help for Roger. And she was going to get there if she got herself shot at every step of the way.

She had reached the topmost bar when her remaining silver heel got caught, and for a moment she swayed wildly. Then she fell, plunging headlong. In that last moment, before a velvety blackness reached out and dragged her down into oblivion, the world about her seemed to burst out into fireworks.

When Susan opened her eyes—years later, it seemed to her—there were neither fences nor farmyards about her. There were clean white walls and a narrow iron bed and the smell of disinfectants. As far as she could tell, most of her was wrapped up in bandages.

She blinked, and discovered a white figure standing beside her. "Am I—dead?" quavered Susan.

The nurse smiled. "Good gracious, no! You were knocked out by your fall and when they brought you in we gave you a sedative to make you sleep, but beyond a few scratches and a bump the size of a hen's egg on your head you're perfectly all right."

Susan moaned, weakly. "Please don't mention hens to me." Then, as recollection flooded her, "Roger! Is he—?"

The nurse pushed her back against the pillow.

"Mr. Devon is in the next room. He was full of birdshot, but none of it was serious. As a matter of fact,

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Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Furious Young Man

Continued from page 47

he's already had a visitor this morning."

"This—morning?" Susan digested that. Then: "Was it a blonde?" she asked grimly.

The nurse—she had her own personal aversion to golden hair—made a grimace.

"And furious, before she left. But she's gone now. And a good thing, if you ask me."

Susan looked a little more cheerful.

"Me, too," she admitted. Then, carefully, "Any—visitors for me?"

"Your mother is here. She is down in the hall. And there was a young man. But he left, too. I believe he and Mr. Devon had a few—words."

SUSAN saw that it was high time she got on to the job of managing her own affairs. Heaven only knew how mixed up they were already.

"When," she demanded, "can I see Roger?"

As if in answer, a wheel chair came sailing in through the open door. In it, wrapped up in miles of dressing, sat Roger.

"You can see him now," he said emphatically. "I've been hanging round outside waiting for you to get round to me!"

Susan blinked.

"When they had finished with us, were there any bandages left?"

"Practically none. Er—nurse—haven't you something particularly important to go and do?"

"Now that you mention it," the nurse said, "I believe I have." And she closed the door behind her as she went.

When she had gone, Susan peered at Roger with her one free eye.

"It looks like more than birdshot to me, Roger."

Roger wheeled his chair closer to her bed.

"I cracked my ankle a bit—but that doesn't matter. Sue—I've got

more important things to talk about to you. You"—he said it in a rush—"there, by the fence, you—kissed me! So—you can't marry Paul. I told him so. T-told your mother so, too! She's down in the waiting-room with her smelling salts, recovering from the shock. But you're going to marry me."

He broke off, helplessly, and reached for her hand. He wasn't half as certain of himself as he sounded.

"Oh, Sue—that is—if you will? I was such a fool! And I'm afraid the pear grader won't make any fortune for us. I'll have to make a better one before I can really give you very much. But I can't go on—without you."

Susan sighed and reached out a hand to him. Really, men were so blind!

"Why do you think I chased you all over hill and dale, darling, if it wasn't because I wanted to marry you? And you'll make a super pear grader, with me to help you. But don't you think it would be a good idea if you kissed me now?"

Roger kissed her. And for a gentleman who had been recently full of birdshot he did very well. But he still had more to say to her.

"Sue, I have a confession to make." And Susan held her breath for a full second.

"I—" he clutched her hand tightly. "I knew you were on the back seat all the time! That's why I ran away with you. But—I didn't know about the petrol. I wouldn't have done that to you."

Susan smiled at him. "I know you wouldn't, darling! That's why I didn't dare wake up sooner. You see, I knew it was your car when I picked it out. But I nearly died for fear you'd find out that the petrol was low in time to get us back!"

(Copyright)

Mr. Inner Man

New Minister of Inside Information inspects new D.S.F. corps

Praises the Girls: "KEEN AS MUSTARD"



Wives, mothers, and even grandmothers, are flocking to join the newly formed women's corps, the Digestive Satisfaction Force.

The D.S.F. is attached to the Ministry of Inside Information and aims at promoting good appetite at home.

Yesterday the D.S.F. was formally inspected at Pork Lane by the Minister, who was warmly greeted by the Commandant, Dame Patty de Foye, and then conducted over the building. His comments as he walked round the palatial kitchens obviously tickled the pretty girls training there. "An Army of Cook-Generals, eh?" he murmured. "Hullo, here's a pretty kettle of fish... I like your sauce... What's this? Mustard-mixing? Let me give a hand. These really are stirring times."

The Minister next noticed tins of Keen's D.S.F. Mustard and was delighted to hear that "Meat Needs Mustard" was the Corps' first and most important rule. At the conclusion he addressed the girls:

"Your job will be in the kitchen range, not the firing range; you will be grilling, not drilling; you must use your brains, not Brenas; you must deal with butter, not guns. Here's to digestion—here's to appetite—here's to Mustard."

By which, of course, the Minister meant

With all Meat, Fish, or Poultry dishes be sure to use

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD



K441

The Homemaker

March 15, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

49

SOME NOVEL FENCES

HERE are some novel ideas for new fences and also suggestions for improving old ones. All are decorative as well as useful.

By . . .
OUR HOME DECORATOR

THE fence is the first part of your home and garden to meet the eyes of passers-by and visitors.

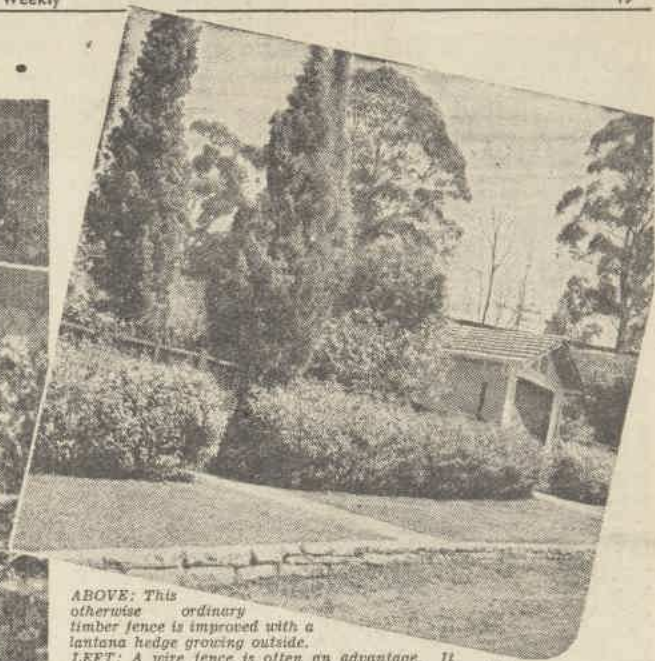
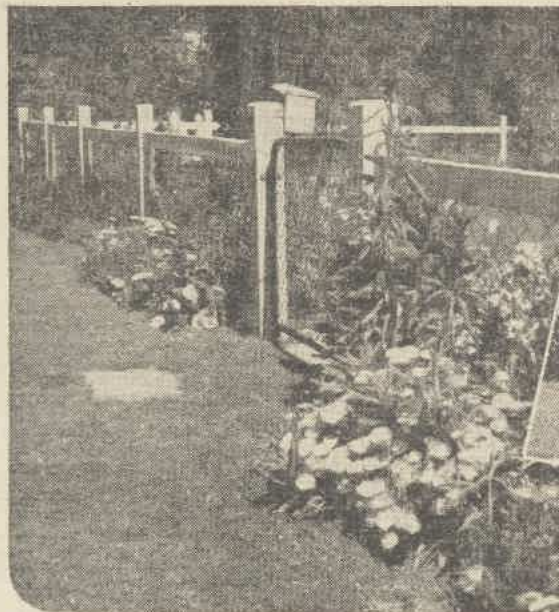
Like the frame round a picture the fence round your home should harmonise with both house and garden, and add charm to its appearance.

So often front fences are bare, uninteresting structures of wood, brick, or some other material which seems to have no reason for existence other than to act as a dividing line between the house and the outside world.

Actually a front fence can play quite a large part in giving charm and interest to a home.

It may be constructed of materials and in such a way that it merges into the garden itself and appears to be part of it.

Or it may play a contrasting part to the garden and repeat perhaps an



ABOVE: This otherwise ordinary timber fence is improved with a lantana hedge growing outside.
LEFT: A wire fence is often an advantage. It makes possible the growing of plants on both sides of the fence, especially the spreading varieties like pigface.

snug timber cottage and lends it friendliness and a country air.

The very low fence is also composed of clay piping which rests in a bed of concrete flat on the ground.

The pipes are covered roughly with cement and stained brown with floor and paving paint to give them the appearance of old logs. A letter-box can be included in the wall itself, as the sketch shows.

A fourth idea carries the owner's name in large bold letters.

The frame of each large panel is of timber and the letters in the

An idea (not sketched here) which should appeal to all music lovers is a fence showing notes of music. The five lines in a musical score are represented by five narrow bars of wood, and the notes are cut from timber and nailed on to the

bars. On the gate a wooden clef cut and draped in wood is attached.

The photographs on this page offer some attractive ideas for improving existing fences.

In one picture an otherwise or-

inary timber fence is lifted into the charm class with lantana growing on the outside and blooming with red and yellow flowers.

In the other, a wire fence allows plants to be planted so they will grow on either side of the fence.



LENGTHS of clay piping make this fence in which are grown shrubs and trailing plants.

architectural detail of the house. In any case, a fence can be decorative.

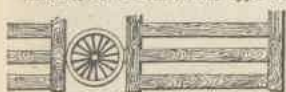
Some new ideas for fences are sketched on this page. One is mainly floral in effect. The fence is composed of lengths of clay piping, one end of each being well buried in the earth. Each pipe is filled with good soil and plants are grown in it, small shrubs and trailing plants such as ivy-leaved geraniums and trailing mauve lantana alternating.

Gates

THE pipes could be of any width from twelve inches upwards, and the height could be as low as one foot or as high as three feet.

This type of fence looks best without gates.

Another is an American type of



AN AMERICAN type of fence? A three-bar wall made of timber with a cartwheel gate.

three-bar country wall, made of timber, each bar being very wide. With a cartwheel gate this type of fence makes a charming front for a



A VERY low fence with clay piping roughly cemented and stained brown to give the appearance of old logs.

frame are made of either timber or very thick wire.

A good idea is to grow a close-hugging vine over the letters, keeping it well trimmed.

Instead of using your surname you can, of course, use the name of the house itself.

If there are several panels to be filled you can put in your name,



THE NAME of the owner of the house or the name of the house itself can be carried out in timber like this.

number of house, name of house, etc., in them.

Not only does this make a very charming fence, but it makes the finding of your home an easy job for visitors, tradesmen, delivery-men.

Gibbs Dentifrice

Now in luxurious Ivory-white Moulded Containers in the 1/6 size



You buy refills only — save 3d. every time

Instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice, you now buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d. whenever you make a purchase! But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size of Gibbs lasts the average person 216 days—weeks longer than any other dentifrice. Yet Gibbs has everything you need to keep gums and teeth in perfect condition.

Large Gibbs in Moulded Container . . . 1/6
Large Refill . . . 1/3
At all Chemists & Stores

The Gibbs moulded container is made of a new plastic material—hard, smooth, clean! More like gleaming ivory than anything else you could think of, but strong and long-lasting for all its delicate translucency.

SPARKLE & COLOUR TO FADED HAIR

Watch dull hair come to life with the Camilatone Beauty Routine! New sparkle! Richer colour! Brighter tones! Simply shampoo with Camilatone, the vitamin shampoo, then rinse with Tonrinz. You'll be delighted with the result. Special Camilatone Shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6jd. Additional Tonrinz separately at 3d. each. Put the sunshine in your hair!

Camilatone
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

G.13.19

Sleepless Nights?

You can Build up your Nerves with New Concentrated Tonic Tablets, and Sleep like a Child.

Don't turn to drugs to make you sleep... get at the cause of your sleepless nights—*worn out nerves!* What you need is a short course of **Phosphorated Iron**—a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic elements concentrated in easy-to-take tablets.

Phosphorated Iron seems to send new rich nourishing blood straight to starved nerve cells, calms and strengthens jumpy, weak and run-down nerves, and quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force. In a short time you'll feel stronger, eat better and once more enjoy restful relaxed sleep.

Decide now to build up your nerves and do away with the worry and torture of sleepless nights. Ask your chemist for **Phosphorated Iron** to-day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 2 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent and scanty passages with smarting and burning show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS** to-day—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.

Keep your garden bright with

GAY ANNUALS

● This week-end I intend to plant out pansies, calendulas, snapdragons, lupins, Iceland poppies and linarias, for they mostly flower during the winter.

— Says OUR HOME GARDENER

I ALSO intend to plant out the following:

(1) English foxgloves (digi-tails) in a semi-shady place; Canterbury bells (in full sunlight), and nemesia (for a gay spring splash of color).

(2) Pentstemons (in massed beds) to brighten up the garden when the weather warms up in September, and plenty of geraniums where they are not faded out by the afternoon sun.

(3) Godetias, for they flower for a long time; nigellas (or love-in-a-mist), quaint blue flowers of great charm, and lots of larkspurs.

Most of the flowers I am recommending can be bought from any seed-store, for I have avoided describing varieties that are scarce or impossible to buy.

I mentioned foxgloves for the reason that they will grow almost anywhere except in the more tropical parts of Australia.

They produce thick, dark green leaves of good size, and their spikes run up to 4ft. tall. The flowers are bell-shaped and mostly spotted with purple.

They rarely flower the year they are sown, but bloom for weeks the following season.

Linarias are like tiny snapdragons, full of color and long-lasting. They do best if sown massed together for support, as they develop rather long legs and get a bit floppy when out in full flower.

Few gardeners need introductions

to the English pot marigold or calendula, for it has been with us as long as the hollyhock, the poppy, and the lupin.

It does best when set out in autumn, for the flowers revert to single types from the doubles once the weather warms up.

Lupins are now obtainable in a wonderful range of colors, particularly the tall Russell lupins. But only folk living in the cool parts of Australia should try this variety, for it does very poorly in Sydney and other warmer centres.

The Sunset Giant marigolds are of enormous size and come to us with delightful scents, far removed from that objectionable marigold smell always associated with the older French and African types.

They are quite hardy in districts free from frosts and flower well into winter if given rich soil and some protection from cold winds.

Iceland poppies nod and bow to us from every garden during winter, and should be given plenty of space. The Noonday, Sunray and Gartref types are very beautiful.

The Gartref poppies have a distinct border along the edge, of a slightly darker color than the rest, and for this reason are keenly sought by flower lovers.

Nemesias are among the gayest little flowers of spring and have sprung into popularity entirely on their merits.

They produce big heads of colorful bloom, ranging from sky-blue through creams, pinks, reds, tango, biscuit, and browns.



RAIN doesn't keep the Dionne Quintuplets indoors. They have a couple of hours a day in the fresh air, rain or shine. Left to right: Emilie, Annette, Yvonne.

THE DOCTOR TELLS YOU WHAT TO DO

For feverish conditions

PATIENT: Doctor, what is the best and quickest way of reducing the temperature of a person who has a fever? Is it always a symptom of some illness?

DOCTOR: A fever is nearly always the sign of infection, or of the successful invasion of the body by germs, and fever is one of the body's mechanisms of defence.

Within certain limits a fever is an asset when the body is fighting infection, as under the influence of

heat the vital functions of the body cells are quickened and their fighting capacity is increased. For this reason it is not always advisable to reduce a fever by artificial means.

In fact, getting rid of a fever without finding out its cause is just as foolish as turning off a fire alarm without locating the fire.

The wisest thing to do in a case of fever is to call in a doctor. A doctor will set about finding its cause, and, if possible, control it.

There is, however, one hard and fast rule in dealing with all fevers. The patient must go to bed and stay there. It is very easy but dangerous for the body to become chilled when the skin is hot and damp.

Not infrequently a person who has had mild influenza will wake up feeling better, but with his skin flushed and damp.

He is at this point about to recover mastery over the invading germs, but he is extremely likely to contract a chill and become ill again if he leaves his bed, even for a few moments.

In fact, chilling can occur even in bed if a patient's clothes become drenched with perspiration, and it is wise for a sick person who is perspiring freely to have his clothes changed frequently, or as soon as they become damp.

There are various medicines on the market which will allay fever, but they should be used by a person skilled in their use.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Social effects of ill-health

ILLNESS has social as well as physical effects, especially in children.

Some examples of these "social" effects of ill-health are discussed in a leaflet prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any interested reader can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4093WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of **Parmitin** (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

YOU GET THE RICHEST, THICKEST SUDS WITH RINSO

SAFE FOR ALL YOUR WASH

Rinso

GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

AND RICHER SUDS GIVE A WHITER WASH SO **RINSO** BEATS THE OTHERS OUT OF SIGHT

I'LL SAY! IT'S WONDERFUL FOR THE WHOLE WASH. SEE MY COLOURS, SILKS AND WOOLLIES AFTER **RINSO**

GET AN EXTRA PACKET OF **RINSO** FOR WASHING-UP! I'VE NEVER SEEN GREASE VANISH SO COMPLETELY

P.S. FOR WASHING-UP TOO!

A LEVER PRODUCT



BIG!

CRISP!



CRUNCHY!
-THESE KELLOGG'S
CORN
FLAKES



One plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar provides as much energy value as three eggs . . . and more energy value than three helpings of fried fish; two helpings of lamb's fry and bacon; or five sausages. Here's the way to heap energy value into your family on these hot mornings when appetites are listless.



TRY THIS

**30 SECONDS
BREAKFAST**

ALWAYS SAY "KELLOGG'S"
BEFORE YOU SAY CORN FLAKES



1. More energy than you need! One single helping of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives a boy enough energy to cycle 13.5 miles; keeps a shop assistant full of pep for 3 hours 15 minutes; father working for 3 hours.



2. Done with! Greasy dishes, soaps and "caught" saucepans when you serve the thirty seconds breakfast. No cooking—Kellogg's Corn Flakes come straight from the packet ready to serve with milk and sugar.



BREAKFAST from the OVEN



SPAGHETTI Meat Cakes. This breakfast dish can be made with cold cooked ingredients, spaghetti, meat, and vegetables—left-overs, for instance, from yesterday's dinner. The cakes may be fried in deep fat or baked in a hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes.



RABBIT Croquettes. Cold cooked rabbit makes these appetising croquettes which are combined with ham, egg, breadcrumbs and white sauce. They may be baked for 20 minutes in a hot oven.

By
MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

● It's a good idea for the busy housewife to prepare oven breakfasts fairly often. Here are some recipes for oven-cooked dishes which save time and trouble and require no more fuel than using the top of the stove.

eight portions, shape in seasoned flour, dip in egg and toss in bread-crumbs. Deep fry a golden brown or cover with greased paper and bake in a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes. Serve on mashed potato or slices of grilled or baked tomato.

FISH AND BACON ROLLS

Six fillets of fish, 6 rashers of bacon, lemon juice, salt and cayenne. Remove the rind from the bacon. Wash and dry the fillets, rub with lemon and season with salt and cayenne. Roll up each fillet and wrap around it a slice of bacon. Secure with a cocktail pick or sharpened match. Grill or cook in a fireproof oven dish from 10 to 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once with a lemon garnish.

FLUFFED EGGS AND HAM

Four eggs (separated), 4 slices buttered toast, salt and cayenne, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 2oz. chopped ham, 1 teaspoon butter. Add a pinch of salt to the egg-whites and beat until stiff. Season to taste and add the parsley and finely-chopped ham. Pile on buttered toast, leaving a hollow in the centre for the egg-yolk. Dot the yolk with butter and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes.

CORN OMELETTE

One cup tinned or freshly-cooked corn, 4 eggs (separated), 2 dessertspoons butter, 4 tablespoons water, salt and cayenne. Mix the corn with the beaten egg-yolks, season to taste, and add the water. Stiffly beat the egg-whites and fold into the corn mixture. Melt the butter in an omelette pan and when just commencing to color pour in the omelette. Cook over a gentle heat until just commencing to set. Place under the grill to brown and set the top. When cooked fold quickly in halves, transfer to a hot dish and serve immediately. This omelette can also be baked in a well greased mould in a moderate oven. It will not require turning.

CORNED BEEF SCRAMBLE

Six ounces chopped corned beef, 1 tablespoon butter or bacon fat, salt and cayenne, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, squares of buttered toast.

Separate the eggs, beat whites and yolks separately and then together until light and fluffy. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the onion and cook gently until tender. Combine the meat, parsley, salt and cayenne with the egg, pour onto the onion and cook slowly until set. Serve on squares of buttered toast topped with sauteed tomato or mushrooms.

tomato cup, cover with breadcrumbs and dot with butter. Cover with greased paper and bake in the top of a moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) from 15 to 20 minutes.

NOTE: Left-over fish, brains, ham or chicken, or corn may be combined with a white sauce and used to stuff the tomatoes. Serve on savory toast.

SCOTCH HADDOCK

One pound smoked fillet, slices of lemon, butter, parsley.

Place the fillet, cut into 2in. pieces, in a greased casserole. Add the sliced lemon and just cover with boiling water. Cover and place in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.). Cook 20 minutes. Drain carefully and serve with parsley butter pats.

Cooked fillets may be combined with a white sauce, flavored with chopped parsley, mushrooms, onion, or cheese, and piled on oven-baked toast.

RABBIT CROQUETTES

Quarter pound cold cooked rabbit, 2oz. ham, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 hard-boiled egg, salt and cayenne, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ gills milk, grated lemon rind, nutmeg, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs.

Mince the rabbit and ham finely and add the chopped egg and parsley. Flavor with salt and cayenne and add the lemon rind and nutmeg. Make a thick white sauce with the butter, flour, and milk, and combine with the rabbit mixture. Turn onto a plate to cool. Divide into 10 and mould each into a cork shape in seasoned flour. Dip in egg and toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry a golden brown or wrap in greased paper and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (temp. 400 deg. F.). Serve with sliced tomatoes.

SPAGHETTI MEAT CAKES

Two ounces cooked cold spaghetti, 1 cup chopped cooked meat, 1 cup chopped cooked vegetables, 2 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons finely-grated cheese, salt and cayenne, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 3 tablespoons milk or stock, egg and breadcrumbs.

Skin and chop the tomatoes. Make a sauce with the butter, flour, and milk; add the tomatoes and bring to the boil. Combine with the chopped spaghetti, meat, and vegetables. Season to taste and turn onto a plate to cool. Divide into

If you have school lunches to cut, then your oven can save you work and time in preparing breakfast.

Dishes can be cooked without constant attention, leaving you free to do something else.

The secret of success is to have a hot oven and to choose dishes with a maximum cooking time of twenty minutes.

Rissoles, croquettes, or sausage cakes prepared for frying in the usual way with egg and breadcrumbs may be wrapped in greased paper, placed on a hot oven slide, and baked in a hot oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

When preparation time in the morning is limited, the rissoles, croquettes, etc., may be prepared the night before. Cover with crumbs, and have ready to place in the oven.

Oven toast—slices of bread brushed with milk and butter and baked on a well-greased tray—will be crisp and brown. Vary the flavor by sprinkling with cheese or cinnamon.

Eggs can be baked in tomato cases, greased ramekin moulds, or orange cases. They are easy to prepare and attractive to serve. Cover each with a piece of butter to prevent the egg drying on top.

Omelettes can be baked in a well-greased mould in a moderate oven, and will require no turning.

TOMATOES WITH POACHED EGGS AND SPAGHETTI

Four eggs, cooked spaghetti, breadcrumbs, tomato sauce, salt and cayenne, butter.

Thickly grease four scallop dishes with butter and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Cover with spaghetti and moisten with tomato sauce, leaving sufficient space in which to break an egg. Dot each with butter and bake in a moderately hot oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) from 10 to 12 minutes.

BAKED FILLETS OF FISH IN TOMATO CUPS

Six medium-sized tomatoes, 6 fillets of fish, lemon juice, salt and cayenne, breadcrumbs, butter.

Cut a lid off each tomato, scoop out the pulp and turn upside down to drain. Season with salt and pepper. Prepare the fillets by rubbing with lemon juice. Season each one and roll up. Place one in each

BY THEMSELVES... *they're great!*

WITH SAUSAGES... *first rate!*

WITH JOINTS... *invigorating!*

WITH GRILLS... *captivating!*

YOU'RE always able to make meals interesting with Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. And nourishing. And healthful. Serve them alone or with almost anything else!

The flavour, enriched with Heinz tomato sauce, is always welcome. The "texture" of the Heinz-selected, Heinz-baked beans is delicately floury, meaty. Containing proteins and carbohydrates, they give energy. Rich in vitamins, they give health. Have them often at any meal—Joy of Living for a few pence!



HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

57

840/2



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says she loves those filmy blouses that are popular just now. But to look their best they must be crisp and creaseless, so press frequently with a warm iron on a well-padded ironing-board. Never use a very hot iron.

HONEY GEMS . . .

● The week's best entry in our best recipe competition, submitted by a Queensland reader. Other readers win consolation prizes for recipes which are also published below.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is open to everybody.

All you have to do to enter is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

WHOLEMEAL HONEY GEMS

One and a half cups wholemeal flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup chopped nuts, 4oz. chopped raisins, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 1 1/2oz. butter, 1 cup honey, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Cream butter, add honey and beat well. Add egg and beat well. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt three times, then add alternately with the milk. Add raisins, nuts, and peel. Half fill hot greased gem-irons. Bake in hot oven for 1 hour.

First Prize of £1 to Miss J. Cavaye, Cressbrook St., Toogoolawah, Qld.

CARAMEL FLUFF

Three eggs, 1pt. milk, 1 dessert-spoon sugar, vanilla essence, 2oz. sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 6 table-spoons castor sugar, pinch of salt.

Put 2oz. sugar and water into a saucepan, brown gently, and pour into a glass serving-dish. Beat egg-yolks with 1 dessert-spoon sugar; add hot milk, cook in a double boiler until thick. Flavor with salt and essence. Cool, and pour on top of caramel. Beat egg-whites stiffly and add castor sugar gradually. Put on a greased tray and brown lightly in the oven. When cooked, lift on to top of custard. Chill and serve very cold with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. M. Whitehead, Florence St., Goodwood, S.A.

CREAMED SARDINES IN TOMATO CUP

Cut tops off even-sized, firm, large tomatoes, and scoop out some pulp without damaging the cases. Drain upside down, and also drain oil from a large tin or two of sardines. Mash fish, add a finely minced small onion, pepper, 1 tablespoon whipped cream, and a little Worcestershire sauce. Mix, and fill tomato cases. Pipe mashed potatoes around top of each, place in a greased baking dish and bake in moderate oven till potatoes are brown. Garnish with parsley and serve as a luncheon or supper dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Lawman, 6 Francis St., Enmore, N.S.W.

CANADIAN DATE CAKE

One cup dates soaked in 1 cup cold water with 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda for 1 hour and then beaten to a pulp, 1lb. butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 large cups self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Line a deep 1lb. tin with grease-proof paper. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, nuts, and soaked dates; lastly add sifted flour. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven. When cold, cover with caramel icing.

Caramel Icing: 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter, few drops of vanilla.

Stir butter, sugar, and milk in small saucepan, bring to boil slowly. Remove spoon and boil steadily without lid for 6 minutes. When cool, beat well until thick enough to spread on cake. Decorate with walnuts. Cake improves if kept for a few days.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. Kerr, Police Station, Coramba, North Coast, N.S.W.

ENERGY LOAF

One and a half pounds beef liver, 1 1/2 cups dry breadcrumbs, 1 cup melted butter, 1 egg, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 3 tablespoons minced onion, 3 tablespoons parsley.

Pour boiling water over liver. Let stand 5 minutes. Drain liver and chop. Add all other ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Shape into loaf. Brush top with additional melted butter. Place loaf in baking dish. Add 1 1/2 cups water. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Baste occasionally. Delicious if you add 1 cup tomato soup 15 minutes before taking from oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Peterson, Albert Villa, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

APPLE JOCKEY

Two large sour cooking apples, 3 cups water, 2 cups sugar, 3 egg-whites, 4 passionfruit, juice 1 orange, heaped tablespoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon cochineal.

Peel and core apples, cut into small pieces and place in a large saucepan. Cook until soft and add sugar and gelatine (soaked in cold water). Allow to cool, and when just at setting point add passion-fruit and orange juice, and lastly stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Beat mixture thoroughly for 10 minutes. Stir cochineal well in, and set in mould in a cool place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Brazier, c/o J. Lockley, St. John's Ave., Gordon, N.S.W.



FREIGHT
PAID

"Young Viewpoint" Fashions
really, truly youthful, for gay gadabouting

WW1—Your dress of many moods, grand for the hey days, gay for the dull days. Yes, you'll expect lots of wear from this light little woollen date frock. Such exciting little tulip buttons, such smart little stitched pocket flaps. Shades of heaven pink, arcadia blue, royal blue, promenade green, suntan, porto wine, black, and navy. XSSW 22/6 to W fittings. Priced at:

WW2—No need to sigh for expensive clothes when dresses like these are less than 30/-. Made of light thistle-down wool, it strikes a new note with cute little tucked vest front and diagonal pocket flaps. Shades of heaven pink, suntan, arcadia blue, porto wine, royal blue, promenade green, black, navy. XSSW to W fittings. 22/6

If these examples of "Chads" outstanding "style-with-value" appeal to you, send for "Chads" "Fashion Post" the mail order fashion service you've been waiting for. 36 pages of colour and rotogravure, showing, in detail, photographs of Australian girls wearing the latest authentic fashions inspired by overseas designers. We have taken special care in compiling this catalogue, for the benefit of our country customers, bringing to them, at "lower-than-retail-prices," and freight paid, the finest fashion goods offered in Australia.

POST TO "CHADS" MAIL ORDERS, BOX 4220XX, G.P.O., SYDNEY

It's fun

to make your Kitchen Colorful with DYNAMEL

STOP THINKING your ice-chest or your dresser is out of date and impossible! Just look here—you can make either a really smart and colorful piece of furniture, with Dynamel. Dynamelling is fun because it's so easy. Dynamel smooths itself right out as you brush. Never leaves a streak, or a brushmark. And that's the big difference between Dynamel and ordinary enamels.



DYNAMEL THOSE CHAIRS!

It's fascinating to see how quickly you can cover right over scratches and a dingy stained finish with Dynamel. And remember, a little Dynamel goes a surprising distance. It's the economical way to bring radiant color into your kitchen.



Dynamel is better than enamel. It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. And you get a mirror-smooth finish first time. Never a streak or a brushmark. Dynamel smooths itself right out as you brush.

Take your choice of 30 lovelier colors on the Dynamel Color Card at paint stores everywhere.

**ANYONE
CAN DO A GOOD
JOB WITH
DYNAMEL!**



IF YOU WERE GETTING A BRAND NEW KITCHEN you couldn't wish for anything smarter. That Dynamel finish is so fresh and bright. So smooth—easy as a wink to keep spotlessly clean. You can actually scrub Dynamel without scratching its gleaming surface.



THE FLOOR A PROBLEM? Didn't you know that you can paint right over that shabby linoleum with Taubmans Solpah—and get a smart, solid color, solid-wearing floor finish for practically nothing? You can! A range of seventeen lovely colors to choose from—and Solpah is sold at paint stores everywhere.

★ Use Solpah for all walked-on surfaces.

FREE!

TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

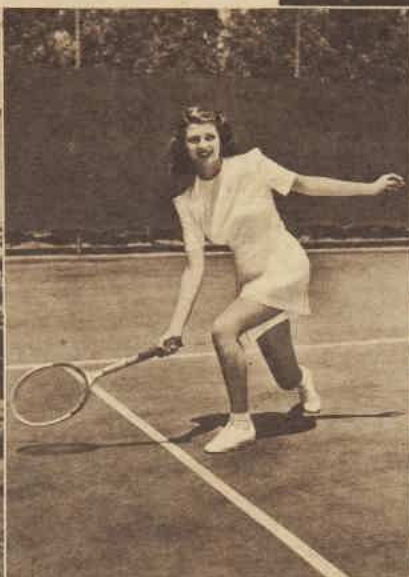
Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home" together with "Harmony in the Kitchen" I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

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A.62

HOLIDAY HEALTH



WALKING is one of the cheapest, easiest, and most effective exercises. Wear comfortable slacks like these and take a long tramp frequently.

ABOVE: Skipping in the fresh air every morning will keep you "on your toes" for the rest of the day. Regular sport such as tennis will also help to give year-round "holiday health."

How did you feel after your holidays this year? Full of pep . . . healthy . . . happy . . . with that attractive outdoor look about you? What about keeping that buoyant holiday feeling and those sparkling good looks the year round? You can if you adopt a sport and exercise routine that takes you out of doors regularly all the year.

HOLIDAYS are exhilarating and inspiring. The change of occupation they bring, the relaxation, the extra outdoor activity—the sunshine and freedom—all pay dividends in health and improved looks.

The pity of it is that after a few weeks back at the usual daily round the effect of a holiday wears off and you slump back into a different state—again—mentally and physically—which takes away the sparkle from your eyes, the freshness from your skin, the supple grace from your limbs.

You lose your enthusiasm for things that seemed to be lots of fun when you were in the holiday mood.



THERE ARE several foods which guard health and looks, and milk is one of them. This young lovely takes milk morning and afternoon.

Instead you find the bondage of time, routine and occupation irritating and uninspiring.

Actually there is no need for such a state of affairs at all.

By adopting a common-sense routine that gives you plenty of outdoor activity—sports, exercise, walking—together with relaxation, sufficient sleep and good food, you can keep that on-your-toes holiday feeling the year round. You can keep a sparkle in your eyes . . . a fresh glow in your skin . . . a suppleness in your body . . .

First of all, remember that occupation is good for everybody. All play and no work can be just as bad as all work and no play.

However, you don't need to be a slave all the time. Whatever your work, there must be some time of the day when you can devote some time to yourself. Just as you saved up for your annual holidays, why not save a little time, if not every day, at least

several times a week, and certainly in the week-ends, to recapture the spirit of freedom of holidays and enjoy the health and good looks that come in their train?

Join an athletic club or gymnasium, a fencing or a dancing class. Swim all the year if you can. Don shorts and shirt and do exercises in your own garden.

Join a sports club—tennis, golf, hockey . . . Buy a skipping rope and skip for a few moments every morning in your garden or on an open porch. Even a few minutes like this every day will help greatly to keep you mentally and physically "in the pink."

Put on comfortable slacks and shirt and get out into the open air and walk and walk. Early mornings and evenings after dinner are always good walking times, as well as the week-ends.

And when you walk, learn to take in big gulps of fresh air. Breathe it in deeply right down to the bottom of your lungs, and

then breathe out slowly until you feel you can't breathe out any more.

Do this rhythmically as you walk, mentally counting your steps if that's a help. This will train you to establish a rhythmic habit of breathing at all times. Remember that 65 per cent. of the body's nourishment comes from oxygen—the air—which is free to everybody.

Then sleep . . . Do get sufficient regular sleep. It is as necessary to your looks and health as food and air. If you have a few late nights, try to make up by going to bed extra early for one or two nights.

And during the day, learn to relax. When you sit in a tram or train, don't hold yourself tense. Take notice the very next time you are travelling and see if you are not holding some of your muscles tense. Relax them, from your face down to your toes.

Make use of travelling time for the purpose of relaxing. But don't slump in your seat. Keep your back straight. Sit well into the seat, so that it supports you, and your abdominal muscles are not all cramped up.

It is better not to read, especially if you use your eyes a lot during the day. Use this time for relaxing your eyes, too, by looking at far-distant objects.

Food is another matter to be considered in your routine. Do make sure you have some fruit and green vegetables, the latter both raw and cooked, and some fresh raw milk every day. These foods will ensure a plentiful supply of minerals and vitamins.

They are also the foods that guard youth. Milk, especially, is invaluable for keeping face and body young, because of the balanced food elements it contains, while fruit and vegetables keep your system functioning perfectly.

Be sensible about your food, your exercise, your sport, your sleep, and your health and beauty will look after themselves.



MORLEY "VELNIT" Underwear

"Velnit"—Morley's exclusive new wonder fabric has the softness and absorbency of wool, the lightness of cotton, and the smoothness of silk. Yet it is entirely different from either ordinary wool, cotton, or silk. "Velnit" is ideal for sensitive skins.

- Ideal for every occasion
- Soft and luxurious
- Absorbent yet non-irritating
- Exceptionally hygienic
- Unshrinkable and durable

ASK FOR MORLEY'S "VELNIT" AT ALL LEADING STORES



Charmante new version of the upswept Hair Style.



The diagrams show you how to place your curls. When combed, this setting needs a touch of good Brillantine. — Attention — to give a sleek, salon finish and help curls and rolls to hold. Never dry your hair with grease, cream, ball-pointers. Atkinson's high gloss Brillantine, made from fine light oils, gives your hair a soft, natural sheen without stickiness.



ATKINSON'S Brilliantine CALIFORNIAN POPPY English Lavender. 1/4 (including tax) White Rose—Unscented.



ACTUAL SIZE

UNSURPASSED

For the Care of the Hands • As a Powder Base • For use in the Nursery • For soothing and refreshing the Skin • For men before and after Shaving.

OLIVE OIL SKIN LOTION

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Economy Size Double Quantity. 1/3

The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR QUALITY**



THIN CAPTAIN

A plain cracker with the scalloped edge slightly raised for the practical purpose of holding savouries. Equally pleasant spread with butter, cheese, or jam. . . .



BUTTER NUT COOKIE

Here is an every-age cookie with a rich, fresh, butter flavour, blended deliciously with a nuttiness and crunchy crispness. Butter Nut Cookies are already in the front rank of popularity.

SPICY CRUNCH

This new biscuit, with its sweet, spicy flavour is quite distinctive. The specially-blended spices are combined with other toothsome ingredients so as to form a very delicious crunchy biscuit.



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